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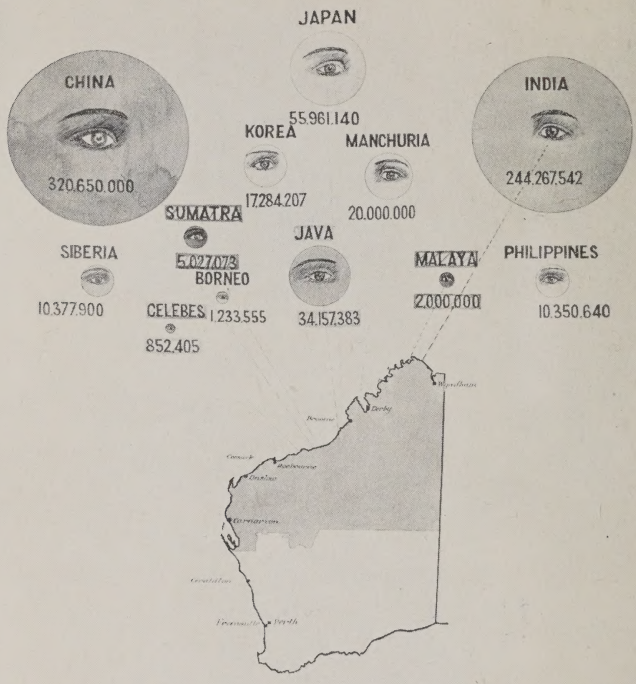

The White Inhabitants of our Northern Areas number less than 7,000!

A LAND OF OPPORTUNITIES

BEING AN ACCOUNT OF THE AUTHOR'S RECENT EXPEDITION TO EXPLORE THE NORTHERN TERRITORIES OF AUSTRALIA

By E. J. STUART, J.P. :: ::

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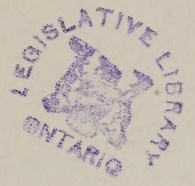

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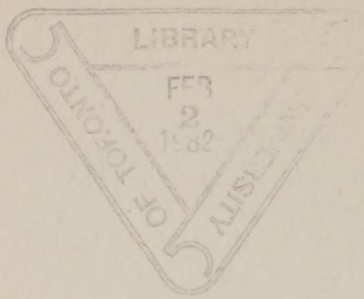

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INTRODUCTION

IT is a little more than twenty years ago since Louis de Rougemont startled the world with a story of his experience in the wild North-West of Western Australia, and it seems regrettable that the statements published then by the intrepid old Frenchman should have remained discredited until after his death. He was disbelieved by the scientific world, and the reading public laughed derisively. De Rougemont was referred to as a second Baron Munchausen with the imaginative powers of a Jules Verne. Many of the imaginings of the latter have, however, since become established facts, and it has rested with Mr. E. J. Stuart, and the best camera kit available, to vindicate De Rougemont. Had the latter been equipped in the same manner as the North-West Scientific and Exploration Expedition, of which Mr. Stuart was leader, he would have been in a position to produce evidence to silence his detractors, and twenty years would not have elapsed

without anything being done to develop the natural resources of this wonderful land of opportunities.

It is several years since Mr. Stuart conceived the idea of an expedition to these practically unknown parts of the Commonwealth, the main objectives he had in view being to prospect for minerals, to examine the natural and trade resources of the North-West coast of Western Australia, and take cinematographic records of items of interest encountered whilst making these investigations. He secured the support of Mr. A. E. Cockram, a well-known resident of the State, and early in 1917 permission was granted by the Federal Government for the formation of a Syndicate to raise the necessary money to carry out the scheme. No time was lost in forming and registering the Company, which was incorporated with limited liability under the Western Australian Companies Act on the 19th of March in the same year, with an authorized capital of 3000 shares of £1 each. It seemed a modest beginning, but small beginnings often lead to big endings.

Mr. Stuart was born at Kingston in the south-east of South Australia, where his father was a wool merchant with the firm of Guthrie, Bullock and Stuart, and, having sprung from a sporting family, at an early age he developed a strong

inclination for travel and adventure. Prior to making his home in Western Australia he had travelled extensively through the outposts of the Commonwealth, and back into the " Never Never," and was also engaged for years in trading with horses in India and the Far East; and these excursions only served to stimulate a desire to traverse the wildest parts of the continent. He was convinced in his own mind that these unexplored portions of the coast-line held many secrets which, if investigated, would lay bare many channels for profitable commercial enterprises, and those who read the story of the journeyings of Mr. Stuart's expeditionary party in the schooner *Culwalla* will doubtless agree that his judgment was sound in this connection.

Those who read the book can rest assured that it is a true, plainly told story from a plain-spoken man, and in compiling this record of the expedition I have followed the wording of Mr. Stuart's diary as closely as it was possible to do. As this official record of the trip, however, contained many references to matters which concerned only the directors and shareholders who financed the venture, in eliminating these passages it was necessary to reconstruct the entries in the diary to something in the form of a continuous narrative

to support the wealth of photographic reproductions with which the book is illustrated. Seeing that the expedition did its work in 1917, it might be asked why so much time has elapsed before giving the information to the world, and to silence criticism in this direction it is only necessary to state that, as the Syndicate which Mr. Stuart represents were applying for large concessions both on sea and land from the State Government, they had, in their own interests, to refrain from indulging in any publicity until these concessions were secured. Now that these have been granted there is no longer need for concealment.

Some idea can be formed from this small work what this great tract of undeveloped coast-line represents in the way of natural wealth, and the time must come in the very near future when it will be carrying a large population. Mr. Stuart once said to me, " You could leave men stranded there with arms and ammunition for defensive purposes on the remote chance of their being attacked by natives, and they would never starve, as the waters teem with all forms of edible sea life, and game of all descriptions is in abundance. The climate is also so mild that the sky can be used as a roof all the year round."

As his diary shows, the various Mission Stations

which have been established in these outlying places have proved conclusively the productivity of the soil for the cultivation of all forms of semi-tropical agriculture and horticulture, so that, if these small settlements among the wild blacks in the North-West have achieved no other object, they have shown to the world that cotton and rice can be successfully grown, while all forms of vegetables and tropical fruits thrive under cultivation. There are still millions of acres of land lying in its natural condition which are in every way suitable for stock-raising, and, unlike many parts of this vast Commonwealth, fresh water is plentiful along the coast-line. From the standpoint of minerals Mr. Stuart is evidently impressed with the future possibilities, and as it was only recently that the richest iron deposit in the world was discovered in Yampi Sound—one of the numerous places visited on the trip—it is only reasonable to expect that other extensive bodies of ore yet remain to be brought to light by the prospector, when these expansive territories are made more accessible. This class of work is at present attended with a big element of danger for small parties, but with the growth of settlement this will be nullified to a great extent.

In regard to the products of the sea the story

reads almost like a romance, but fortunately in this respect Mr. Stuart's statements have the unquestionable support of the camera. The water is alive with fish, while we living farther south in the capital city of the State are paying a shilling a pound for our requirements, and oysters and other edible bivalves can be gathered by the ton. With such bountiful supplies there must be enormous possibilities in front of the canning industry, and turtle soup should be no longer regarded as a luxury. There should also be an extensive opening for trade in trepang, which is bêche-de-mer, and there is a big demand also for the pickled meat of the dugong, or sea-cow.

The geographical position of the North-West coast provides exceptional advantages for the disposal of all these forms of produce owing to the nearness of the Malay States, the Dutch Archipelago, India, and the Far East. There are practically a thousand million people living at the back-door of this unsettled territory, and at the present time it is only maintaining a sparse population of wild natives.

If in the relation of the story I have made frequent reference to the times of arrival and departure of the *Culwalla* to and from certain points of anchorage, it was with a view to empha-

size the difficulties of navigating a sailing boat in these unfrequented waters owing to the startling variations of wind and tide. Quite a number of leading residents of Perth have asked Mr. Stuart since his return to organize another similar trip, in which they wished to join, but he emphatically states that he will not traverse the same route again without the assistance of some auxiliary power in the boat, and even then he would be very reluctant to return to some of the places they entered with the schooner. At the same time, while avoiding some of the parts of the coast-line which he knows to be exceedingly bad, he states that great pleasure and educational benefit could be derived from a cruise in these fascinating waters. From a sportsman's point of view it is a veritable paradise.

With these few introductory remarks I will leave the reader to form his or her own opinion in regard to what is here described as "A Land of Opportunities."

NORMAN MALCOLM.

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

	Facing page
An Urgent Need of White Population	*Frontispiece*
The Asiatic Quarter, Broome	3
Beagle Bay Black Girls	4
Beagle Bay Black Boys	4
Coconut Palms, Beagle Bay	7
Crabs	10
Driving Crabs to the Camera	10
D'Antoine and his Camp	14
The *Culwalla* anchored at Tyri Island	14
Tyri Island Blacks	17
Sunday Island Natives ready for a Cobba-Cobba	20
Four Gins and Two Dogs on a "Catamaran"	23
"Sea Eggs"	26
A Hawk's Nest overlooking Whirling Water	26
East Entrance to Whirlpool Pass	32
Iron Outcrops, Koolan Island	37
Coral Reefs in Dugong Bay	39
A Dugong dressed ready for Salting	42
The *Culwalla* taking in Water at Low Tide in Foam Pass	44
The *Culwalla* high and dry in Walcott Inlet	51
Where the Rivers Caulder and Charnley meet	51
Stranded Again!	53
A Man-eating Crocodile	53
A Montgomery Island Native	60
A Ground Shark	62
A Lonely Grave on Sheep Island, Camden Harbour	65
Port George IV Mission Station	67
A Big Camden Harbour Native	67
The *Culwalla* becalmed and drifting in Scott's Straits	71
A Real Dug-out Canoe	74

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Facing page

Just as wild as he looks! 74
Stone Spear-heads collected on the Trip 78
Without a Particle of Clothing! 80
They only laughed when we did! 80
Six Fine Half-caste Boys, with Rice growing in the Background 83
Four Lonely Missionaries 83
A Unique Specimen of Shark 85
A Sting-ray 85
Young Turtles just hatched, making for the Sea . . . 92
Turtles' Eggs collected by our Boys 92
Two large Turtles 94
Turtles turned on their Backs in the Night 94
Riding a Turtle on the Beach 97
A Powerful Bite 97
A Strange Water-worn Rock 99
Camel-team drawing Eight Tons of Firewood at Wyndham . 101
Cattle reaching Wyndham for Shipment 101
The *Culwalla* at Forrest River Mission Landing . . . 103
White Cockatoos near Wyndham 103
Gathering Luffa Sponge at Forrest River Mission . . 104
Fire-making 104
The Crow Dance 106
The Crocodile Dance 106
A Warrior and his Gin 108
Some Native Hair-dresses 108
Native Rock Drawings 110
The *Culwalla* backed in a Creek 112
Forrest River Warriors 112
The Hillgrove Lock-up 115
Sir Graham Island Natives 119
Wild Native Women eating Boiled Rice out of Jam Tins . 119
Sir Graham Island Wild Natives 122
A Dugong 126
Three Dugong 128
A Rich Copper Lode 133
A Quartz Lode 135
Catching Fish for Pastime 138
A Sail Fish 138
Pearling Fleet approaching Barred Creek 140
Map showing Relative Size of Australia and European Countries 142
Map showing the Coast-line explored by the *Culwalla* . . 144

A LAND OF OPPORTUNITIES

HAVING formulated my plans for the expedition, some little time was needed to carry out the preliminary arrangements. Bearing in mind the fate of the McGuire brothers, and several others, who had perished in attempting what I hoped to bring to a successful issue, I was determined that the party should be well organized and equipped, so that in case of accident we would not be lacking in any essential for a protracted stay in some isolated quarter of this almost unknown coast. I selected Broome as my starting-point, and chartered the schooner *Culwalla* for the trip from Messrs. Moss and Richardson. As Broome is the headquarters of the pearling industry in the North-West of Australia, no difficulty was experienced in having a big range of boats to select from, and, as subsequent events proved, my choice was wise, both in regard to the boat and her skipper (Captain J. M. Johnson). The latter was without exception one of the best seamen known in the country for this class of enterprise, and, although peculiar at times in temperament, he did his work like a tradesman. If I asked him to

go to a certain place, hell itself would not stop him, although he knew in some cases we were taking undue risks. A little delay was occasioned in making some slight alterations to the fittings of the smart little craft which would be our home for the next six months, and a dark-room was provided for the use of our camera man. To those unacquainted with life in the North-West, Broome presents many features of interest.

It is one of the chief centres of the North-West coast of Australia, and its population is decidedly variegated, as in 1920 the official statistics show the combined white population of Broome and Cossack as being 220, and the total of Asiatics as 2205. The latter comprised 62 Chinese, 1188 Japanese, 586 Malays, 55 Manilla-men, and 314 others. There were then 300 vessels engaged in the pearling industry from here, with a tonnage of 4153 tons, and pearls to the value of £57,820 and shell valued at £264,918 were taken from these wealthy deposits in the course of the year.

The party finally selected for the expedition consisted of myself as leader, Captain Johnson, a man for prospecting, an expert cinema photographer, with the best camera kit we could procure in Australia, a crew of four blacks (two Malays and two of a negro type—all good seamen

THE ASIATIC QUARTER, BROOME

and excellent in the water) and four black boys lent to me by Mr. Sydney Hadley of the Sunday Island Mission. The latter subsequently proved very smart at catching turtles, finding trochus, and spearing fish. We were all glad when the schooner was ready to sail on the 3rd of May. We were provisioned for an eight months' trip, and there was a supply of arms and ammunition aboard for each white member of the party in case the natives we encountered should prove hostile.

Little of incident occurred during the run of sixty-five miles to South Head at the entrance to Beagle Bay. The heat was intense, and after we had made the deck space shipshape we divided the balance of the time in stretching out under the shade of the sail, and watching the various forms of life which crowd the waters of the Indian Ocean on this coast. We passed through enormous quantities of fish of all shapes, sizes and colours; hundreds of sea-snakes about six to eight feet long, and large numbers of green turtles. After rounding South Head we anchored in three and a half fathoms at Ledge Point in Beagle Bay. All hands were astir early the following morning (May 5th) and by eight o'clock the tide was high enough to up-anchor and enable us to proceed

for eight miles up a creek in the direction of the Beagle Bay Mission Station, which was established in 1891 by Roman Catholics. We came across two "Bhinghis," as the natives are commonly called in these parts, and despatched one to the Mission, which is situated eight miles inland. By this time the schooner was high and dry in the mud, and was resting at such an uncomfortable angle that anything that could slide did so. The tide in this creek drains right out for about four miles, and has a rise and fall of about thirty feet. All hands went ashore at a point where there is a fine fresh-water well, and we enjoyed a very refreshing bath by bucketing the water over one another. Our transport, comprising two riding horses and another attached to a sulky, arrived at 5 p.m., so we packed the photographer and his kit into the latter, and another member of the expedition and myself rode out. There was a magnificent moon, but we could see little of the country. The stillness of the night—and the stillness of the Australian bush is very intense—was frequently broken by the calls of dingoes (native wild dogs), which appeared to be in great numbers, and the singing and laughter of the black boys as they ran on ahead of our small cavalcade. The first two miles of the country we rode through

BEAGLE BAY BLACK GIRLS

BEAGLE BAY BLACK BOYS

is covered with sea water at springtide, which is generally in March and September, when the equinoctial gales are in force. In the night-time the Mission Station had the appearance of a small village, with about sixty buildings scattered over an area of approximately thirty acres. Native boys, laughing, and chatting in their tribal language, met us, and, as usual, they were accompanied by a host of mongrel dogs. The boys seemed interested in our appearance, and evidenced a desire to touch us. The priests, who wore full beards, greeted us cordially and entertained us at tea. The meal, which was served on a long table of bare boards, consisted of large bowls of soup, bread, jam, goats' buttermilk in enamelled mugs, and plates full of water and sweet melon—the latter fruits grow in abundance on the station.

I was up at daylight, and was greeted at my window by a very fine tame emu, while a sow with a litter of young pigs also wished to be friendly. A big church bell was then ringing, and all the coloured folk were marching to early service. The ringing and the marching were repeated several times before 10 a.m., after which we started taking film pictures of natives receiving their weekly ration of tobacco, drafting goats, the Mission buildings, and the priests, Father Thomas, and

Brothers Antony and John. There are also six sisters on the Mission, but these we did not see. We were told that there were 250 coloured residents permanently on the Mission, and a number of other blacks come and go. Those in residence consist of all shades and varying types of Malays and Japs crossed with the local natives. The Mission has taken up 2000 acres of freehold country, and 8000 acres of leasehold, which carries 2500 head of cattle, 400 goats, 100 pigs, 30 horses, and 40 working bullocks. There is an abundance of water on the property, and that adjacent to the settlement is obtained from bore-holes. Provision has been made at the Mission for a capacious swimming bath, which is covered with boughs, and there were other evidences also of a desire to make the natives as comfortable as possible. The inmates are without doubt well fed, as their daily ration issue amounts to four 50-lb. bags of flour, a bag of rice, and a liberal allowance of meat. They have their meals in a large dining-house, at one end of which there are three 200-gallon pots, which are built in, and fired from the outside. Surrounding the headquarters of the Station there are some very fine coco-nut and date palms, which indicate the big possibilities in front of this undeveloped portion of this wonderful land of wealth in

COCONUT PALMS, BEAGLE BAY

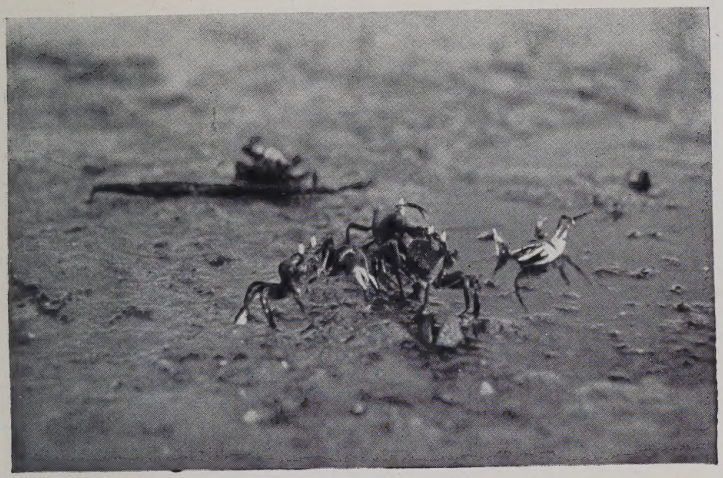
regard to the development of these industries. A picturesque creek winds through these belts of palms, and animation was lent to the scene by a group of black boys bathing in its waters. After we had taken a number of photographs and 400 feet of film, the members of our party were provided with a large waggonette, drawn by four bullocks, to transport us back to the schooner. Two black boys, one on each side of the team, ran along with the bullocks and kept them at a trot, and the light-hearted lads were simply bubbling over with song and laughter throughout the journey to the beach. It was a perfect night, and most certainly it was the most unique drive I have ever experienced. When we reached our destination we found that the schooner had been shifted out five miles in order to be in a position to keep afloat. We lit a fire on the beach to attract the attention of the skipper, and he sent a boat for us, but this could not get nearer than half a mile from the shore, so we were compelled to wade out through the mud, which was no light task considering the heavy camera outfit we had to carry. Then followed a very strenuous pull against a strong tide, and when we reached the schooner at 10 p.m. we were ready to make a heavy demand on our commissariat department.

On the following day we hoisted sail at 4 a.m. and set out for Lombadena, with a good breeze assisting us. This is a branch of the Beagle Bay Mission. The coast here was rather uninteresting, excepting from a piscatorial standpoint, as the waters were simply teeming with fish, and with a single line over the side we hauled up king and white fish in far greater quantities than we could possibly consume at every meal. Natives were seen at intervals along the beach, wearing nothing but a loin-cloth, and they spoke English fairly well. We arrived outside Lombadena at 9 p.m., but the tide was against us, and we anchored until 11 a.m. on Tuesday, the 8th, and went in on the flow. I sent a man up to the Mission Station, which was three miles away, to see if there was anything worth filming, but he reported in the negative. While he was away we went fossicking on the beach, and the crew took in a supply of fresh water. We encountered a large number of big snipe at Lombadena. They were birds with very long bills, and emitted a shrill whistling call. We shot a supply for our larder, and found them exceptionally good eating. In walking along the beach I saw fish of every description and in countless numbers, and was greatly interested in a variety that left the water and climbed into the

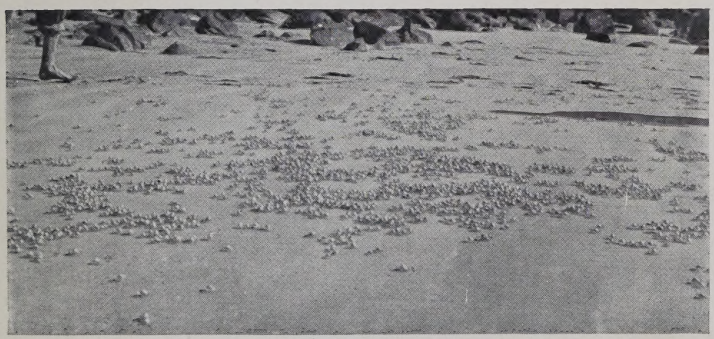
limbs of the mangroves. We spent some time trying to photograph these fish, which were about three inches long and had two fins angled from the body like those of a seal, and they used these to aid their climbing. It was impossible to secure any photographs of these curious fish, as they always sought shady positions, and they were very timid. They were brown in colour and had clubby heads. The crabs here, too, were simply wonderful, and I cannot find words to describe the spectacle presented by them after the tide had gone out. About an hour after the water had receded they came out of the muddy sand bottom in millions. There were three different kinds at this particular place. Crawling in one quarter were myriads of little fellows about the size of a shilling, with blue backs and brown legs, and they were in massed formations covering about an acre in extent. On the light ground where the sand was merging into mud they were in millions, moving along in columns, and all apparently working very hard with their front nippers. As they advanced they stirred up the sand and left behind them a distinct trail. On the banks just where the high-water line is marked, and in some places where the mangroves are in clumps, in fact anywhere where there is a stiff muddy bottom,

another kind of crab about double the size have their homes. They live in little bowers in the side of the mud bank, and don't travel far. They are provided with two nippers, but one of these claws is distinctly larger than the other. These crabs are scarlet in colour, and have a black spot on the back. Nothing could be more timid than these small crustacea, as they would not even tolerate the slight noise made in turning the handle of the filming camera, and disappeared like a shot from a gun. If one stood near them, and kept quiet, they came out of their bowers in hundreds, but on the slightest noise, such as that made by treading on a stick, they were gone in a flash. Farther seaward, when the tide is a mile out, another crab, about three inches across the body, came out in thousands. I saw colonies a quarter of an acre in extent moving along at one time, and travelling fast, their yellow herring-coloured bodies glistening in the sunlight. These crabs are good eating, and we had to run hard to catch them. As for the camera man getting a picture of a colony in motion, it was a hopeless task, as they quickly disappeared in the moist sand, and the snapshot of three or four struggling on the sand was the total result of our labours with this species.

On leaving Lombadena I instructed the man



CRABS



DRIVING CRABS TO THE CAMERA

with the boat to take it out on the tide, but when we had finished our work we found a sand bar had cropped up which blocked us from regaining the schooner. To obviate having to pass the night on land we had to walk about a mile to signal for another boat, and this involved a very difficult climb over very rocky reefs and coast-line. Yet only a few hours before the schooner had sailed over it. This part of the coast is a particularly fine field for research for shells of all descriptions. All this coast is also within the range of the Broome Pearl Shelling Industry. In crossing these reefs we saw still another species of rock crab. These were about three inches across the body, dark brown in colour, with strong claws, and they were very agile on the rocks.

On Wednesday, May the 9th, we left Chilli Head, just outside Lombadena, but it was nearly 9 a.m. before we could get under way owing to the tide, which at this place has a rise and fall of twenty-five feet. We passed Cape Leveque Lighthouse at 10.30, and it presented a pretty sight standing on the red cliffs 260 feet above the sea. Then we encountered a man named Harry Hunter, who builds luggers and trades in timber, and as he was sailing for Broome he carried our mail to that port. He had with him a half-caste crew of four

boys, whom he said were his sons, and they all seemed about the same age. He was a most intelligent man to talk to and appeared to have been well educated.

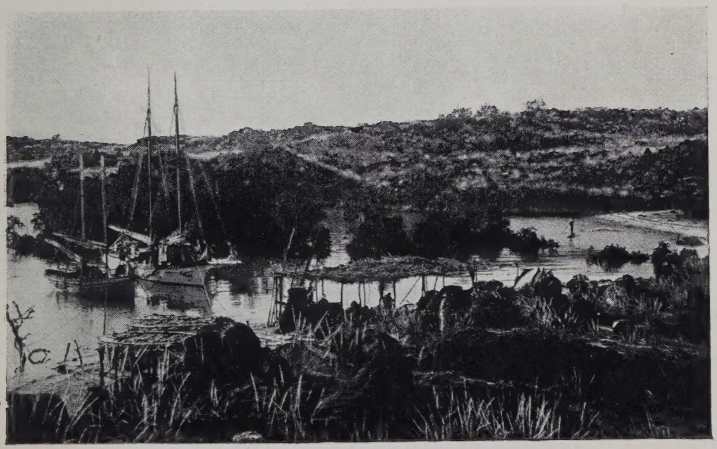
Owing to a turn of the tide we had to anchor at Karrakatta Bay, so several of us went ashore and collected oysters, which were very plentiful and excellent eating. After passing Leveque we got out of King's Sound, and sea-sickness prevented the development of films, which had been set aside for our first night's programme. The weather prior to this had been excellent. We had to spend the whole of Thursday in Karrakatta Bay, which is named after a wrecked steamer of that name which went ashore in a gale eighteen years previously, and it was here that the salvaged cargo was landed. We wanted to make that day for Tyri Island, but were held up through adverse wind and tide. In consequence of this the skipper, myself, and one of the crew, in a boat fitted with an overboard motor, went fossicking along the coast for twenty miles. We came upon a native camp, and the first black man we saw told us that his name was Schneider. It was a calm day, and the surface of the water was like glass, while the warmth of the climate was bringing shoals of fish to the surface of the shallows. Many of these

finny denizens of the tropical ocean had their noses out of the water, and when I shot some of them with my gun the native was immensely delighted. Schneider explained to us that he was carrying out an ancient custom by spending a certain time at this place, but his limited command of language prevented us from ascertaining the nature of the custom. The coast here was very attractive, having a fine sandy beach fringed with mangroves, and in the waters a wealth of fish. Every variety known to these seas seemed to be represented, and as they swam along right on the surface their varied and brilliant colouring presented a very pretty sight. This portion of the coast would be an excellent place for the setting of fish-traps similar to those used in the neighbourhood of Broome, and with the quantity and quality of the fish swarming the ocean it should make an ideal site for a depot for the establishment of a profitable canning industry. The country is poor and sandy along the coast, and carries a long coarse grass with a growth of stunted gums. It abounds with quail and curlew, and the mangroves were full of large crabs, which were the biggest we saw on the trip. They were about fifteen inches from point to point, and the nippers were very powerful. The native boys caught a bucketful

of these, which we boiled, and they were delicious to eat.

At noon on the 11th we were able to make a start for Tyri, which was seven and a half miles distant, and although we had a strong head wind we had the tide in our favour at the commencement. It was an exciting trip, as strong varying currents flow between these extraordinarily rocky islands, and they are very deceptive. We reached Tyri at four in the afternoon, and it was one of the most magnificent sights I have ever seen, the scenery near the anchorage being simply gorgeous. The island is very rough, with extraordinary pinnacles of rock standing up all over the coast-line. These projections are red in colour, and being flecked with mica it gives them a golden sheen, and makes them very beautiful in the light of the setting sun. We anchored in a snug little nook, where a patch had been cleared in the mangroves, and were met by a party of about fifty natives, whose bright red wrappers stood out boldly against a background of tall grass, and added greatly to the colour scheme. This is the camp of a man named D'Antoine, who is better known as "Frenchy," and we found him standing on the deck of his small lugger, which was lying at her moorings. Green mangroves were fringing the

D'ANTOINE AND HIS CAMP



THE "CULWULLA" ANCHORED AT TYRI ISLAND

edge of the water, and behind these the foreshore ran into rugged red hills. Directly in rear of the lugger was the paper-bark hut in which D'Antoine lives, and this was flanked by some grass Mia Mias for the accommodation of the blacks. This Frenchman has lived among the blacks for over thirty-six years, and, although apparently a big strong man, he was so nervous and excited at our unexpected appearance that it was only with difficulty he could convey a whisky to his mouth. He has made a living for many years beach-combing, but his main attention is directed to naked diving for pearl-shell, the treatment of sea-slug, known as trepang, for the Chinese market, turtle-shell and trochus-shell, the latter being used in Japan for button-making. At other times he uses his small boat to carry provisions up the various rivers along the coast of the mainland to stations. He was very hospitable, and did all he could to assist us.

D'Antoine keeps a few goats on the island, and he killed one of these for our benefit. His house-keeper, Agnes, and her husband were also pleased to see us, but when I asked them where we could find some dead blackfellows, as I wished to procure one or two skeletons, they displayed a decidedly superstitious fear, and were loath to speak on the

subject. All natives smoke, however, and after I had given him about a pound of tobacco his superstition weakened, and he took us to some rocks about a mile away, where we got two complete skeletons. Subsequently we lined up all the natives, who were just about to visit Hadley's Mission on Sunday Island, and we induced them to get into their war-paint, after which they entertained us with a Cobba Cobba dance, which in the east of Australia is better known as a Corroboree. As the photograph shows, all these natives are well fed, and they work hard at fishing and the other branches of the Frenchman's industry.

We left Tyri in the afternoon of the following day, when the tide was favourable, and it must be remembered that in all these places it is impossible to take sailing vessels anywhere without this assistance. After some exciting manœuvring through strong varying currents we reached Sunday Island two hours later, and anchored in a place known as "The Pool." The skipper and I went ashore, and to do this we had to go a mile in the whale-boat up a shallow passage with ragged rocks standing like walls sixty to seventy feet high on both sides. We climbed up a very steep track on the face of one of these, and when we reached the summit we looked down on Hadley's Mission,

TYRI ISLAND BLACKS

which lies snugly in a picturesque gully. The settlement consists of about eight small white-roofed buildings, made of native timber and galvanized iron, and it was a pretty sight in the failing light of evening. Mr. Hadley greeted us with evident pleasure. We discussed the object of the visit, and after he had entertained us with a sumptuous meal we arranged to return the following morning. We started back on the last of the outgoing tide, which left us high and dry on a coral reef, and here we had to stay till daylight. We could not walk on the coral as there were too many deep crevices, and there were huge clam shells in profusion which were quite capable of cutting our feet badly even through our boots. Although the preceding day had been hot the night was intensely cold, and we were nearly frozen during our enforced stay on the reef. The following day being Sunday, we amused ourselves listening to records on a gramophone which had cost Mr. Hadley 700 dollars in America, and it was certainly the finest instrument I have heard in Australia. We also made arrangements for a Cobba Cobba to be held next day. Mr. Hadley has been eighteen years on the island, and he informed me that he does not average one white visitor a year. The establishment of the Mission was entirely of his

own doing. After a careful inspection of this and the other Missions, I am convinced that as soon as a native is compelled to wear clothes his health does not improve, and this opposition to nature is a farce, which opinion I am confident is secretly shared by Mr. Hadley. The natives are splendidly cared for and well fed, and they have the greatest respect for this lone missionary. A large quantity of vegetables is grown at the Mission, a few cattle and goats are grazed on the island, there is an abundance of fish and oysters, and supplies of flour are brought from Derby every three months in a schooner. There are several smaller boats attached to the Mission which are used for fishing, and the upkeep of the establishment is provided for by trading with pearl products, turtle-shell and bêche-de-mer. The latter is the trepang slug, which lies on the floor of the sea like a snail without a shell. Here it is picked up in fairly large quantities in the shallow waters, but it is dived for in other parts. Sunday Island, which also bears the name "Ewenue," is about 8000 acres in extent, is situated at the entrance to King's Sound, and is seventy miles in a direct line from Derby, which is at the head of the Sound. The island is divided into three parts by sea-water channels, and between it and the western side of King's Sound is Escape

Pass, which is used by coastal steamers trading to Derby. There is a fierce current running here, and the water eddies and whirls in a violent way that is dangerous to small craft. The current is caused by the great rise and fall of the tides along the coast, and it makes communication between the mainland and the island difficult, which has tended towards the preservation of the island. The latter is picturesque, and is comprised mostly of bare granite and gneiss rock. The western portion is 184 feet high and 3½ miles long, and the eastern section is 160 feet high and 2½ miles across. The Hadley Mission is on the western side of the West Island, and the only stock kept consists of 20 head of cattle and 200 goats, which all look well. On the 14th we took 800 feet of film showing the operation of packing trochus-shell and a Cobba Cobba in which fifty natives took part. These native Corroborees, according to custom, are performed at night, but as the camera for filming cannot be used in the dark we had to use civilized blacks, and the effects of the firelight, which plays an important part in these curious scenes, were naturally lost. Mr. Hadley got the men together, however, and explained what was wanted, and the photograph over the page shows their wonderful physique.

To make the performance as realistic as possible some large fires were lit, and after the promise of plentiful supplies of jam, pipes and tobacco, the natives put up a very good show indeed. They carried out some peculiar antics around the fire, occasionally lined up and made weird noises, all strictly to time, and they also indulged in mimic warfare with spears poised in a throwing attitude. At the termination of the Cobba Cobba we asked the natives to give us an exhibition of spear throwing, and at about forty yards they riddled a bag thrown over a bush. The performance ended with kylie (boomerang) throwing, and many of the men made these curious weapons circle round them three or four times before falling at their feet. Owing to the large number being thrown at once, it was dangerous to be in the vicinity, but the blacks showed great agility in avoiding having their legs cut, and at times they would spring four feet into the air to clear one of these whirling missiles. The men were painted up for the occasion, and mostly used white clay for the purpose, but they also use a red pigment which makes quite a good paint, and of this there are some wonderful deposits on the mainland. The natives often travel long distances in Australia to secure these paints, which they carry about with them in paper-bark wrappers in

SUNDAY ISLAND NATIVES READY FOR A COBBA-COBBA

the shape of bottles. All have different ideas of marking themselves, and some are quite fantastic in design, but the principal colour used is white.

All the natives are supplied with loin-cloths when at the Mission, but at a genuine Cobba Cobba, when they are away from the restrictions placed on them by the Mission, they wear belts of human hair, to which is suspended, in the form of a sporran, a pearl shell, which is smoothed down and shaped by rubbing with stones. All the gins take part in a Cobba Cobba by sitting around and beating time and singing. The music is not very melodious, but time is the essence of the contract. Among the natives present there was an old man who aroused my deepest sympathy by his affectionate regard and earnest care of a young child with a decidedly Japanese appearance, and I learned that the old fellow's gin, who was the mother of the child, had been killed by a crocodile while wading through a muddy creek somewhere in the region of the islands.

The whole of Sunday Island is fringed with narrow coral reefs, which are wider on the northern and eastern sides, and here block the entrance to numerous mangrove-fronted indentations of the coast-line. Mr. Hadley's is a Protestant Mission, and provides for 180 natives all told, and they come

from near and far. They get to the island from the mainland on what are locally called "catamarans," but they have no resemblance to that form of craft, as they are composed of a number of white mangrove poles about ten feet long, which are about four inches in diameter at the thicker end and taper off to about an inch in diameter at the other extremity. These poles are held together by pieces of heavier wood which are driven through the mangrove saplings with the aid of a stone used as a hammer. The blacks make two of these rafts, and then overlap the two smaller ends of the timber and peg these together in the centre. They are very buoyant, and in the water are pushed along rapidly by fish spears, which are hard, sharp, pointed pieces of wood ten feet long, bent perfectly straight under the influence of steam, and then toughened in the fire. When these primitive boats are used in deep water the natives have to depend almost entirely on the tides. They carry up to six people, who all sit down. The gins ride on one, and the men, accompanied by the dogs of the party, travel on a separate transport, and the latter generally take with them any large fish they may have caught. It is also the rule for each boat to carry a few extra pegs, and a large round pebble, weighing from two to three pounds, with which the

FOUR GINS AND TWO DOGS ON A "CATAMARAN"

pegs are driven home in case of accident. In the deeper water these craft are propelled from a sitting position by short paddles composed of small flat bits of timber, which are used first on one side and then on the other, and sometimes two or three of the occupants are working at once. They are great water-men and sometimes endure tremendous hardships through being carried out to sea, but they are rarely lost. A story is told of an occasion where three men left Tyri in a dinghy, which swamped. Two of the men came ashore at an early stage, but the third man was in the water for twenty-four hours, drifting about with the varying currents before he landed in a very exhausted condition.

Practically the whole of the pearling industry, with its base at Broome, is carried on between Sunday Island and a point fifty miles south of Broome; and from Sunday Island north for some distance pearling has been done in the past.

We did not leave Sunday Island until the 16th, owing to adverse weather conditions, and in the interim we clambered over the island, fossicked into every nook and corner, and waded knee-deep in water over coral reefs at low tide in search of sea-shells. Of the latter I was able to make a very fine collection, which included some exceed-

ingly valuable specimens. One can safely say that between Broome and Sunday Island is the best place in Western Australia as a field for the operations of shell collectors. Some of those in my collection were picked up by divers in waters up to twenty fathoms deep. The kauri shells are beautifully marked, are of all colours and sizes, and look as if they had been polished. Very nice operculums are also to be found there.

The native boys in the party provided us with considerable amusement in their efforts to catch the Monkey Fish, which are to be found in holes in the coral when the tide is low. They are a peculiar fish, short in body with enormous mouths, and are very highly coloured with brown and yellow. They scale up to two pounds weight, and are excellent to eat.

We left the island at 5.30 a.m. on the 16th, but owing to a light head wind and an adverse tide we had to run back and anchor at Skeleton Point. On an island here are the graves of two white men who were murdered by the blacks twenty years before. The graves are encircled by anchor chains, and some small anchors to hold them in position. In addition there are the graves of several Japanese divers with their epitaphs engraved on their tombstones in the language of

their country. These latter had lost their lives in trying to win wealth from the rich shell deposits in the deep waters of the neighbouring coast. We had some excellent shooting at Skeleton Point, and bagged several big red kangaroos. There are a good many marsupials about this part of the coast, and the wooded portions abound with bird life. Blue Mountain parrots were present in thousands, and the ubiquitous crow, which is a great camp follower, soon put in an appearance.

After leaving Skeleton Point we passed through Mermaid Passage, and off this part of the main coast there is a mass of islands varying in size from an acre to ten acres, and then we entered the Grave Yard, which derived its name from the great number of divers who have lost their lives there. The waters are deep at this point, and are rich with good pearl-shell, but the tides are very treacherous. The majority of these unfortunate divers were Japanese, and the death toll included one or two Malays. The landing-place is prettily situated, with slate hills rising 400 feet above the level of the sea. These hills are very rough, and it is almost impossible to walk over them owing to the dense coarse grass and scrubby growth. We experienced a difficulty in entering the anchorage owing to the tide being just on the turn when we

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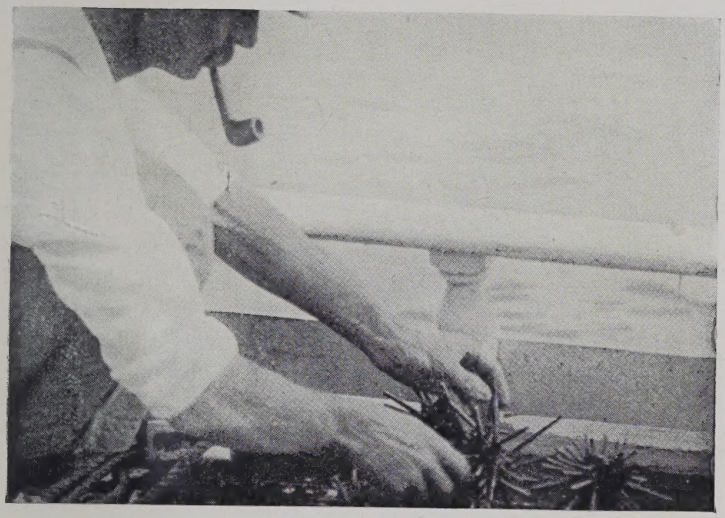
went in. When we had anchored I took a native boy with me and went on to the reef, where we got some fine trochus-shell, but owing to the tide coming in very rapidly we had to get into the boat and back to the schooner. There is a lot of very fine coral resembling huge biscuits on the reefs here, and the whole place is seething with fish. There is said to be plenty of fresh water on the coast at this point, but as we had a good supply I did not take the trouble to locate it. Captain Johnson displayed some very clever seamanship in his handling of the schooner coming out, which greatly strengthened the confidence I already had in him; we went out on a banked-up tide in the inlet, and had a fall of about four feet to negotiate it, but the little ship cleared it in great style. I went ashore later and inspected a splendid specimen of a sea hawk's nest, which was perched on a pinnacle about 350 feet above sea level. We were able to get an excellent photograph of this, and filmed it as well from the mainland immediately in rear of it.

On the following day we examined the coast for water and copper. We found the latter, but not in sufficient quantities to be of commercial value, although I believe there are payable copper propositions there all the same.



"SEA EGGS"

A HAWK'S NEST OVERLOOKING WHIRLING WATER

On the reef we collected a fine lot of oysters, and some good trochus-shell, and having located a water-hole about half-way between Steep Head and the entrance to North Cove Grave Yard, we anchored off this point. The scenery here has a rugged grandeur, the coast-line being very precipitous and rocky. We found some exceptionally good specimens of sea eggs, some of which had fine spikes fifteen inches long, while others with bright blue and brown markings had spikes about four inches long and much stouter. When we tried to get some of the latter off the rocks we found it a difficult matter, and they manipulated their spikes as a means of defence. We managed to get some of them aboard in good order and filmed them. We also took off 400 gallons of water, which was carried in square canvas bags each with a capacity of four gallons and fitted with a neck at one corner. During that day we saw a goodly number of green-backed turtles, and gathered a plentiful supply of oysters, some of which were very large. We also picked up a remarkable collection of star-fish, some of which measured fifteen inches across and were eight inches thick. They looked really beautiful with their delightful shades of pinks, blues and yellows, and in fact almost every colour was represented. We filmed

them and then placed them back in the water, as we would have required considerable tankage accommodation, and a supply of formalin, to preserve them. During the brief space of time they were out of the water they showed signs of withering, and the colouring soon lost some of its brilliance.

We also picked up about a hundred bêche-de-mer at low tide, and some of the grey slugs were about a foot long and four inches thick. They resemble a large cucumber. Others are black, and these are more rare and have a greater commercial value. They are longer than the grey variety, thinner, and have a rough surface.

The coral here displayed a great range of colours, and I was particularly struck with some brown specimens, which were shaped like a kylie. These were covered with the most delicate forms of sea-weeds with blue beady ends, which swayed with the motion of the water, but immediately it was taken from its natural element it withered and lost its glorious colouring. It was in connection with subjects of this sort that I experienced keen disappointment with the camera as a medium for recording the wondrous beauties of this fascinating country, as there were endless possibilities for taking pictures which would have astonished the world.

So much time is required to get the machine into position, and to adjust the focus, that many opportunities are lost to secure photographs of fish life and other subjects.

It blew a gale that night, and I was pleased we were in a snug corner, and as the weather continued to be boisterous the next day we decided to run back to Grave Yard. It was here that I met with a very unpleasant experience, which might have proved disastrous. Three natives and myself made an attempt to enter the passage in the whale-boat, with the object of going on the reef when the tide was out. By the aid of the Ferro motor attached to the boat we could easily travel six miles an hour in untroubled water, and we made the entrance to the pass in good time. Mackie, one of the native boys, was in charge of the tiller, and on entering the pass he kept well in to one side. We had safely negotiated the greater part of the journey when difficulties were suddenly encountered through meeting a regular wall of tide which had been banked up inside the pass. This racing wall of water was so high that it was level with my eyes as I sat in the boat, and it was running at a terrific speed. The native in charge of the boat kept his head splendidly, and hugged the shore as closely as it was possible for him to

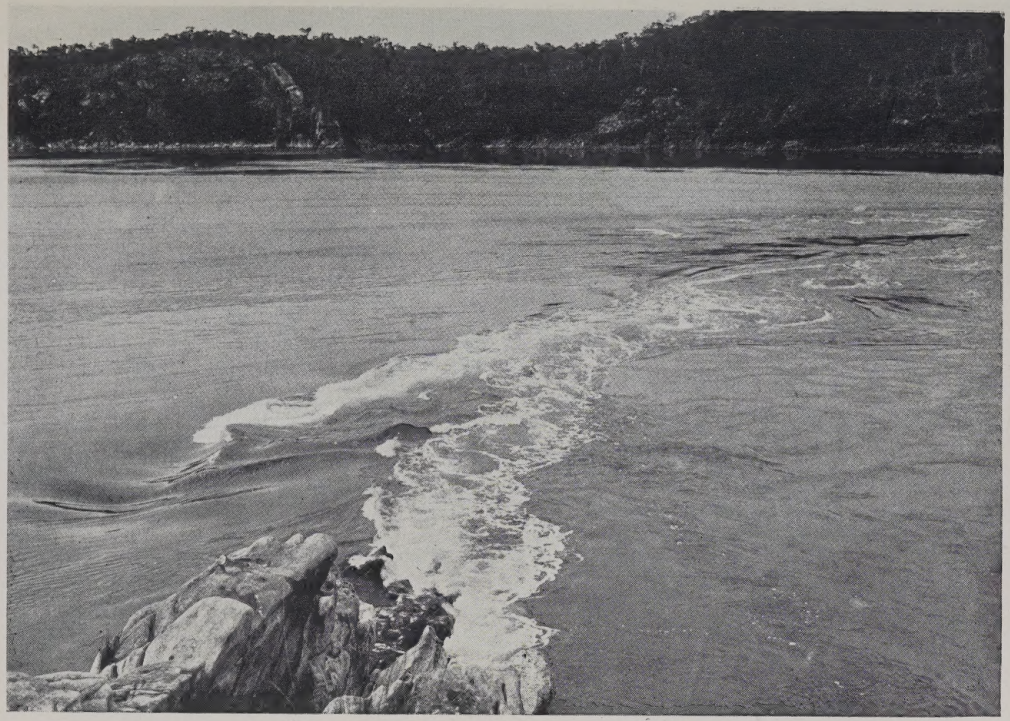
do. Suddenly the force against us became so great that we commenced to go astern, despite the fact that the engine was working at top speed. Then without warning the little craft shot out into the stream in the centre of the pass, but the black boy at the helm seemed to know exactly what he was doing, and but for his coolness and skill we must have been tipped out into a whirling cauldron twenty fathoms deep. We dashed first one way and then another, like a cork in a swollen mill-stream, and before we realized it we were on the other side of the pass with rocky hills apparently flying past us in all directions. Suddenly we shot into some ugly but more ruly water, and made a little headway until we came in contact with a smaller branch of the stream, from which more angry water was gushing. The native, by careful steering, managed to keep a slight forward movement, and slipped into a little nook, when the boy in the bow, seemingly by natural instinct, and without instruction, sprang ashore with the painter, and landed with his bare feet on a mass of prickly oysters. Judging from the grin on his face the latter fact was by no means disconcerting. Here the black boy had to stay and hold the boat for over an hour until the tide abated, so in the meantime we regaled ourselves with oysters. Then we

started off again and negotiated the death-trap. I have had a few scares in my life, but this was the first on this trip, and I never wish to repeat the experience. We reached the reef too late to do much fossicking, but we found that on turning the rocks over a mass of shell life was revealed. The coral also was very beautiful, and baffled description. The colouring was rich and bright, and was chiefly in reds, blues, browns and greens.

The schooner followed us in and anchored in seven fathoms of water with a rocky bottom. Here we caught some very fine schnapper and Spanish fish. The latter I was told derived its name from the gold-and-white bars which run horizontally along its body, but I am still at a loss to understand why they should be so named. On the following day the black boys amused us by diving into the water and catching a turtle, which one of them made tow him along the surface by keeping his head in the air. It reminded me of the stories related years ago in the *Wide World* magazine by De Rougemont, which were at the time discounted. We left for Whirlpool Pass under a light breeze, and arriving at the entrance found the tide a little on the low side, and as the wind slackened this minimized the control of the boat. We went straight through, however, and

it was a great experience for those of us who had never seen it before. It is certainly well named as Whirlpool Pass. It is about a quarter of a mile wide, and in going through the passage the *Culwalla* turned completely round three times. It was really wonderful to see the way the skipper and his small crew handled the craft. There are whirlpools resembling boiling pots forty feet across, and at times great holes from six to eight feet deep are left on the surface of the water. The Pass at its shallowest point is about twenty fathoms deep, and on both sides, with the exception of one place, it is bound by high rocky hills, which stand up almost perpendicularly. At the south end, where we entered, the hills are a little over 400 feet high, and at the west entrance they are 340 feet. The Pass is four miles long, and shaped like a boomerang, and although it is half a mile wide, fully one-half of the width is not navigable owing to mud-banks and rocks. The colouring of the rocky sides is exceptionally beautiful, but it would be impossible to climb over them. There is a rise and fall of thirty-five feet in the tide here, and the Pass runs on the inside of Hidden Island, so named because it looks like a portion of the mainland.

The next day we went ashore on Hidden Island, and after two hours' climbing we selected a spot



EAST ENTRANCE TO WHIRLPOOL PASS

for the camera, and filmed the schooner. We had to be put ashore while the tide was at the ebb, and then had to wait for the following ebb in order to be taken off again. While there we also took several photographs which illustrate the power of the tide.

We left Whirlpool on the 23rd, and on the following day visited several islands, where we did some fossicking. An inspection of Lynn's Copper Mine, which is situated in Yampi Sound, showed that the old workings are still fairly intact.

The country in Yampi Sound is very picturesque, and the inlet is a narrow channel about six or seven miles long with very deep water, which in places is up to twenty-five fathoms at low tide, and it would make a magnificent harbour. We located copper shows in many places on the mainland in this locality, and spent some time ashore, as there was a heavy gale blowing from the south-east, and we preferred to remain in such a snug corner. While here I shot two beautiful black-and-white pigeons, which were as large as magpies, but owing to the roughness of the weather they could not be preserved. This I regretted very much, as we only saw two more of the same species later on the trip at Coronation Islands, and these got away. We shot some rock wallaby

on the mainland, which provided us with an acceptable change of diet, and as the gale had abated somewhat on the afternoon of the 25th we sailed farther into the Sound and anchored off Cockatoo Island. On the following day we all went ashore, and fossicked for some miles around the coast in every direction. We found fully fifty well-defined copper lodes running vertically into the cliffs, and I am confident that some profitable shows will be worked here in time to come. The place where these are situated is easily found, as it is just across the channel of Yampi Sound proper from Koolan Island. Koolan is the native name for black, and this, with Cockatoo Island, forms the great iron deposit taken up recently. These deposits are some of the richest in the world, and there is an abundance of fresh water west of this show. Koolan Island is seven and a half miles long, and three miles wide at the south-eastern end, and it tapers off sharply at Tarrant Point. Reporting on this great iron deposit, Mr. J. W. Brody, an American expert who is now associated with the Queensland State Iron and Steel Works, stated :

"The most important British ore deposits contain only about 30 per cent. of iron; nevertheless they are worked profitably: the red

hematite deposits near Lake Superior yield from 50 per cent. to 55 per cent. of iron, and it pays well to transport this rich ore practically 2000 miles by rail and water to the cheap coal at Pittsburgh, with no back loading to help to minimize the cost. The great Minette deposit in Lorraine, from which Germany received about two-thirds of her total ore supply, contains only 36 per cent. of iron. In contrast to this the Cockatoo Island deposits average 69·6 per cent. Fe, taken from five samples of ores, which is almost pure iron, and the silica, phosphorus, and sulphur contents are exceedingly low. Thus this ore is phenomenal in its richness, and considering that at the purchase price its cost will only be about $\frac{1}{2}d.$ per ton, I consider it the best and cheapest proposition of its kind in the world. Consideration must also be given to the fact that this ore, about the richest known ore of its kind, is practically free from both phosphorus and sulphur, and although its high percentage in metallic iron does not appreciably show in the costs of the ore itself, yet its effect will be greatly felt in lowering the costs of the manufactured products, pig iron and steel, inasmuch as a proportionately less tonnage of ore will be required for each ton of pig iron, and the time necessary for manufacture greatly lessened, while the quality of both the iron and steel would be absolutely first class."

I have quoted from this report to show the opportunities for the building of big fortunes and industries which are offered in this undeveloped land of natural wealth, as it was only in 1921 that

this vast iron deposit was disposed of by the prospecting syndicate to the Government of Queensland. Who can tell what other fabulous riches lie buried in the heart of this great unknown North-West?

After leaving Tarrant Point we sailed about among numerous islands of varying sizes, some of which were very rocky and displayed very little growth. Others, again, had prominent quartz lodes running in a peculiar manner in all directions, and the formation of the country was very broken and rugged. The charts here are very imperfectly marked, as, where the mainland is shown, it is frequently island shore. This place is said to have been frequented at one time by natives from Kopang, an island situated about three days' sail from the Australian coast, and there was evidence of recent visits having been made. The islanders come down to fish and gather turtle and bêche-de-mer, and their camps and drying-places are plainly to be seen.

As we were leaving Yampi Sound we saw the first crocodile encountered on the trip, although there are plenty of them farther down the coast, and we had found a vast number of tracks in the mud when we had gone ashore previously to replenish our water tanks. The specimen seen on

IRON OUTCROPS, KOOLAN ISLAND

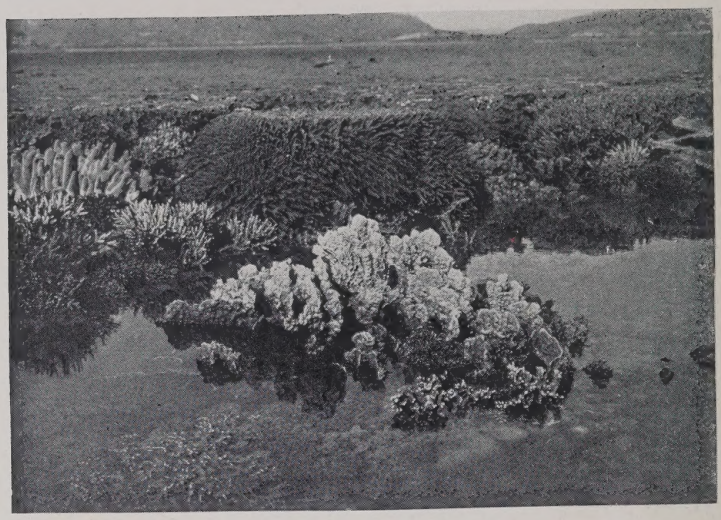
this occasion was fully twenty-four feet long, and a very ugly-looking customer.

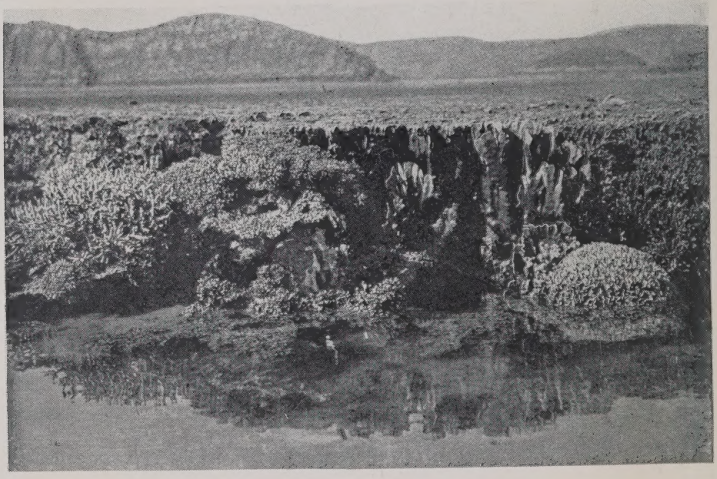
We ran in subsequently to what is named "Dugong Bay," owing to the large number of these sea mammals we met there. It is a very unique harbour and extremely picturesque, being surrounded by islands and smaller bays and interwoven with coral reefs. Some of the latter were very beautiful, as will be seen from the photographs which were taken a little to the west of Dugong Bay.

This picture was taken at low water, and when the tide is in the schooner could sail over these reefs with ease and have plenty of water to spare. We were fortunate in striking the spring tides, and this gave us a good chance to fossick over the reefs. Oysters are very plentiful on the rocks, and we found some pearl-shell in two feet of water. We also caught several very fine hawk's-bill turtles, and saw a great many greenbacks. Dugong were very plentiful, and our black boys went out hunting for them, with the result that they brought back three, which would weigh from five to six cwt. each. Dugong Bay itself is an inlet with about sixty acres of water, and the entrance to the bay is only about one hundred yards across and has twenty-two fathoms of water

at the entrance at low tide, while at the deepest part of the bay there is not more than two fathoms when the tide is out. It makes a magnificent feeding-ground for dugong, as there are immense quantities of sea-grass growing here which they feed on. The bay is almost entirely fringed with mangroves, and it is not unusual to see two or three crocodiles in the distance with their eyes and about six feet of back showing above the water, while several dugong will be sporting about in the bay at the same time. The latter come up to the surface to breathe, but they are only up for about a second. All around this little bay are muddy creeks and mangroves, with sandy spits running out into the water, and in the mud and under the mangroves there is an unlimited supply of cockles as large as a closed fist, which are excellent eating. While walking about in the mangroves a sharp look-out has to be kept for crocodiles, as they look like logs lying in the mud. On one occasion, also, I was chasing a big crab, and on looking up I saw thousands of flying foxes hanging in the mangroves overhead.

Dugong Bay is the beginning of an area teeming with fish, including a number of well-known varieties, and others that were not familiar to me. White-fish are very plentiful, and acres of





CORAL REEFS IN DUGONG BAY

them can be seen at a time jumping in the water, and followed by flocks of screaming gulls. Some of these fish weigh up to 25 lbs. The tides are out for six hours twice in the twenty-four, and during this period the coral reefs are exposed, as shown in the photographs, but although they appear to be high and dry that is not the case, as there is always water running off the surface. The exposed coral is defining the water-line of the reefs, and we only got our photographs of the fringes of these reefs by blowing up with dynamite a portion of the reef at low tide, permitting the water to run out of a hole in the reef containing five fathoms of water. Immediately the water drained away the coral was so delicate in its construction it kept breaking away and falling into the hole. It is very brittle, and on one occasion, when I dropped a large piece on the deck of the schooner, it broke into small fragments and disclosed a number of miniature fish of very bright colours. It is impossible for me to adequately describe the gorgeous colouring and beauty generally of these reefs, the prevailing colours being blue, purple, red, green and brown, with floating material attached which is as soft and fine as gossamer. All this reef when the water is over its surface is swarming with rock-cod,

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parrot-fish, and other varieties weighing up to 10 lbs., and sometimes the water was so shallow it was possible to shoot the fish with a gun. There are numbers of deep holes all over the surface of the reefs, which make them very dangerous to walk over in the dark, and good stout boots are necessary at any time. I spent many hours here examining these wonderful sights, and found them most fascinating. I have seen many beautiful flower gardens, but they are tawdry in comparison with the delicate beauties Nature has provided in these interesting waters. Shell-fish and large clams abound everywhere over the reefs, and the latter have edges as sharp and jagged as the jaws of a rat-trap. As one walks past them, those lying open close with a snap, and the action is so sudden and powerful that water is spurted into the air. Some of these clams are over two feet across, and speaking of them recalls an incident which I am never likely to forget. I saw a bird in difficulties on one occasion when I was out shooting snipe, and was wending my way back to the schooner with a good bag. The bird had its wings spread and was apparently tugging at something on the ground. It proved to be a snipe which had been caught by the bill by a live cockle when the tide was low. I caught the bird

and tried to extricate his beak, but I had to carry him on to the schooner with the cockle attached, where I cut the hinge of the bivalve. On releasing the bill I found that it was badly bent, but I straightened it with my fingers and then dipped the beak in water, which was greedily drunk. The bird then walked along the deck, shook himself, and flew away.

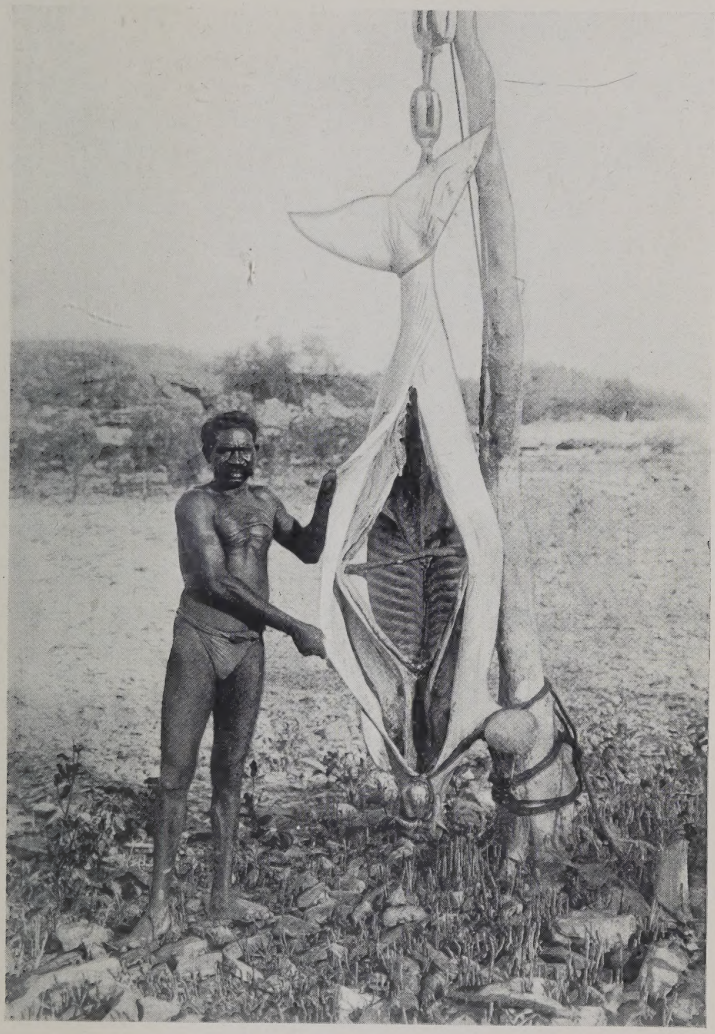
We left Dugong Bay on the 28th and proceeded along the coast, visiting several islands. About eight miles on from the bay we anchored in eight fathoms of water approximately a hundred yards from the mainland, and here we caught two more dugong, one of which is shown in the accompanying picture. The meat is excellent eating, and is salted down in the same manner as pork.

The dugong.—This aquatic, herbivorous mammal (known as Halicore Dugong), of the order Sirenia, is allied to the manatee, but has a bilobed tail. In our North-West coastal waters it is found in more or less greater numbers, a few being found as far south as Shark Bay. Its flesh, which resembles that of the pig, is highly prized as an article of food, its hide is of remarkable thickness, and should make excellent leather, and the oils from its internal fats, as from the blubber beneath the skin, is considered to possess medicinal properties.

This oil has, it is understood, been recommended as a therapeutic agent, and as a substitute for cod-liver oil. It is said to contain no iodine, and is without the unpleasant smell of cod-liver oil.

We were becalmed and had to remain here longer than we intended. The coast-line was very hilly and rough, and deep water extended close in to the shore, the lead showing over thirty fathoms. We anchored in twenty fathoms between two islands, four miles north of the mouth of Shoal Bay, and only a hundred yards from a fine little sandy beach about a hundred yards long, with cliffs fifty feet high encircling it. During the evening the crew were fishing out of the whale-boat when a huge shark put in an appearance, and they quickly returned to the schooner. Malays are very afraid of sharks and take no risks when they are about. Shortly after this fires were seen in the distance, and as we had not seen a native since leaving Skeleton Point we tried to attract their attention by setting fire to the grass on the island, but none came near us.

We left the next day with a light breeze blowing of a helpful nature, and anchored at the entrance to Shoal Bay. We landed on an island, and found a large number of gannets' nests, and the boys



A DUGONG DRESSED READY FOR SALTING

also caught several greenback turtles. One of the latter had a shell with a very unique marking, which I added to my collection, and the others were let go. We then proceeded in the schooner to Collier Bay. Some of the islands here are very beautiful, and offer a great field for fossicking. At the mouth of Collier Bay there is a pass called "The Funnel," and it is as well to keep away from the draw of this, otherwise there is a likelihood of getting into difficulties with the schooner. We crossed Collier Bay and anchored in the evening in fifteen fathoms of water, six miles from the entrance to Walcott Inlet. Early the following morning, as we were on our last few gallons of water, we hoisted the anchor and drifted down on the tide to Foam Bay, where we anchored under some rocky cliffs at the southern extremity of Raft Point. Here the cliffs are of a sandstone formation and rise to a height of 900 feet. On entering we filmed the troubled waters, which formed a very impressive sight with the wild rugged beauty of the cliffs in the background. We anchored until the tide went out, and then fresh water was found running out of the rocks in abundance. Not only did we replenish our stores, but we also attended to our laundry, which occupied the balance of the day. The weather was perfect

for sleeping out, and the temperature was so mild that blankets were not required.

A considerable amount of travelling was done here in the whale-boat, and the black boys discovered a quantity of yams, which, when roasted, were as near the flavour of new potatoes as anything I have ever tasted.

On June the 8th we tried to get around the corner from where we last anchored, but when we had gone half a mile we had to wait until the tide was in our favour. Then we made Walcott Inlet, twenty miles back, and anchored before entering to make sure of getting the assistance of the tide. During our stay here a great number of crocodiles came to the surface and drifted past us at a little distance, but quite near enough for us to see their wicked-looking eyes and to be thankful that we had a stout little ship under us. We entered the Inlet in the afternoon, taking soundings all the way, and our lead never reached bottom with twenty-six fathoms of line. Later we found that the tide here has a rise and fall of about thirty-eight feet. There is not a harbour entrance anywhere in Australia that can approach Walcott Inlet from the point of view of gorgeous scenery, and over the three to four miles of the passage one's whole attention is concentrated in

THE "CULWULLA" TAKING IN WATER AT LOW TIDE IN FOAM PASS

devouring the ever-varying, but always beautiful, landscape. The entrance passage averages about a quarter of a mile in width, and is bound by great rocky hills which rise up in rugged grandeur to a height of about 900 feet. Their colouring in the afternoon sunlight, with the lengthening shadows, was superb, and on the north side, where many cabbage palms were hanging gracefully from the precipitous face, the artistic effect was even enhanced, these being supported again by cypress pines and a wealth of semi-tropical undergrowth. Around the fringe of the coast there were many small mangrove-fringed indentations like pockets around a billiard-table, which lent additional charm to the place. We were fortunate in striking a good tide, and got through the passage with comparative ease. The anchor was dropped in a little bay on the southern corner of Walcott Inlet proper, and in the evening we caught some sharks, which, although not very large, were plentiful and savage. They were strong fighters when hooked, and took a lot of handling.

With the dawn of the next day we looked out over a magnificent stretch of water, which was flanked in the distance by the bold outline of the Harding Ranges. With the full light of day we started to cruise around the Inlet on the south

side, where we had a glorious view also of the Great King Leopold Range, which is very wild-looking country. Seeing fires on the shore about half-way up the Inlet we anchored, and sent three black boys to see who they were. The landing party returned about an hour afterwards, and reported that they had seen eight adults and two piccaninnies.

On the following day I went ashore with two of the boys, and the natives evidenced a desire to speak with us. I showed them some mineral specimens, but their knowledge of our language was so limited that I could not get any sense out of them. We gave them some biscuits and boiled rice with plenty of sugar in it, which they appeared to enjoy. There were two or three gins in the party who were clothed as Nature presented them at their birth, and they appeared very shy, as they were contented to remain a short distance away and watch the proceedings of the pow-wow over the top of some rocks. Subsequently the blacks gave us some spears and native-made string manufactured from the bark of trees in exchange for the food we had given them. This string is very strong, and is made by rolling the teased fibre of the bark on the thigh of the manufacturer. I made several attempts to come to an intelligent understanding with them, but all to no purpose.

They could not speak any English, but, like the majority of coloured races, they are great imitators, and they could repeat anything we said. Just as we were leaving, and they were convinced that we were not there for any ill purpose, I asked a fine big buck if there were any big alligators about, and he replied very emphatically, "My plurry oath." They were all a fine type of men, standing from 5 feet 8 inches to 6 feet, and proportionately built. Assuming that members of this party had been in contact with whites, I asked the big fellow whether he had been to Oobagooma Station on the other side of the Range, and he again repeated his favourite oath.

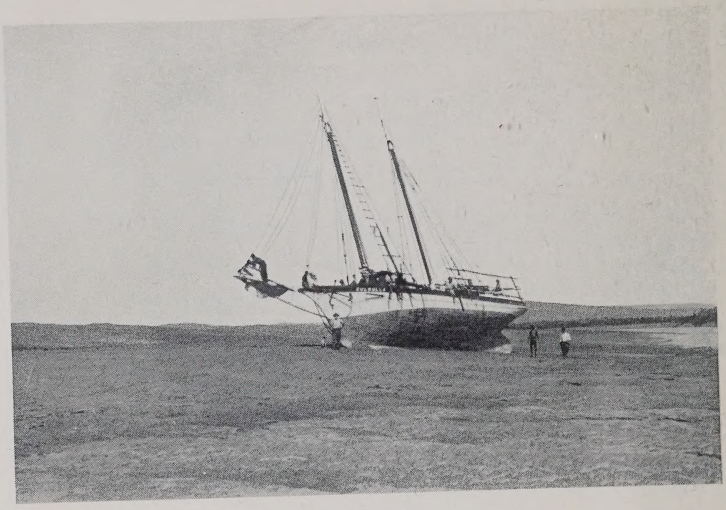
We then returned to the boat and sailed to the eastern end of the Inlet, when the tide turned and compelled us to anchor. We examined the country for several miles around, and found there was about half a mile of flat country between the Inlet and the foot of the Harding Range. The whole of this country was rich with feed, and on the hills, and even to the top of the Range, which was about 1000 feet, the grass was waving three feet high. It was excellent pasture for stock, and was the beginning of some of the most valuable stock country encountered during our fascinating tour. It was also abounding with game, and

emus, wild turkeys, and dingoes were present in great numbers. The game was shy, as was the case everywhere we went, which indicated that it was hunted to a considerable extent by the natives. Quail were also very plentiful, and beautiful, plump birds they were, but without the assistance of a dog we lost many of those we shot in the long grass. We obtained a magnificent view of the Inlet from the top of the Harding Range, and also of the other side, where a white salt plain extends away in the direction of the King Leopold Range. When we returned to the coast to rejoin the schooner I was surprised at the force of the tide, and it took all the power of the overboard motor to get us there. The wind being against the muddy water of the tide, the latter formed rather a unique sight as it banked up, but it was too choppy to be comfortable. Mullet were coming in with the tide in tons with their heads out of the water, and the black boys on the shore were scooping them on to the bank with the aid of long sticks. When the tide is out there is abundant evidence on the beach of the presence of crocodiles in considerable numbers, and although it is said that there is only one type of these undesirable residents in these parts of the Commonwealth I am convinced that there are two

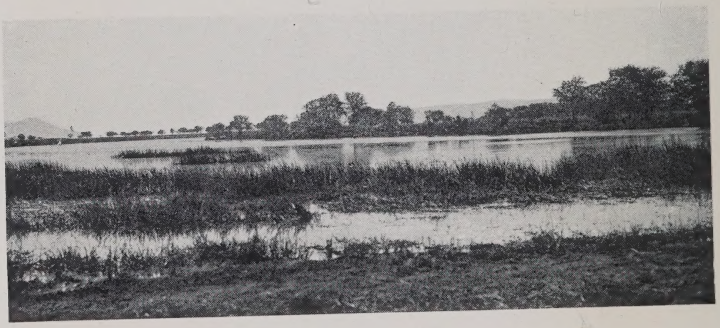
types. It is a larger sort that inhabits the waters of the inlets and rivers close to the ocean, and these go out and back again with the ebb and flow of the tide, and are often seen some little distance out at sea. The others live farther back in the fresh water of the rivers, and are smaller.

Immediately the tide changed we started again with a fair light breeze, and after going a few miles we had to anchor again, as there was not enough wind to keep the schooner in hand, and the next day we could only move a short distance on account of the same trouble. We then decided to tow the schooner behind the motor boat, and after about three hours of this we reached a point about a quarter of a mile from the junction of the Caulder and the Charnley rivers, where we stuck on a bank. We had a lot of luck in getting so far on the one tide, and it was by sheer good fortune that we struck the one channel leading to our anchorage. We were lying, however, in a nasty position on the bank, as on one side we only had two feet of water for a schooner drawing six feet, and on the other side there was a depth of fourteen feet. The skipper immediately placed an anchor out on the shallow side of the boat, and made a stout rope taut from this to the mast to prevent her heeling over when the tide was

out. The water receded very rapidly, and as it did so we could feel the schooner jerkily slipping down the edge of the embankment in a most uncanny fashion. When the flow of water had completely subsided we ran out a kedge anchor and manipulated the boat into a position that contained a little water at low tide, which makes matters much more comfortable than when she is lying over at an angle of forty degrees, which is usual when the mud is exposed. We examined the country on both sides from here, and found on the south that there is only a narrow strip of very fertile land about a quarter of a mile wide between the inlet and the foot of the King Leopold Range. Here there are many flowering trees of semi-tropical growth, which were alive with bird life. Brilliant-plumaged parakeets flew in massed formations from tree to tree, while there were also assembled on this fertile fringe of country small brown pigeons, bronze-wings, screaming white cockatoos, noisy galahs costumed in blue and pink, and black cockatoos with red and yellow tails, thousands of small painted finches, and numbers of quail. I went into the range as far as it was possible to penetrate, and encountered some of the roughest of country. It resembles on a mammoth scale a clay-pan with gaping sun-



THE "CULWULLA" HIGH AND DRY IN WALCOTT INLET



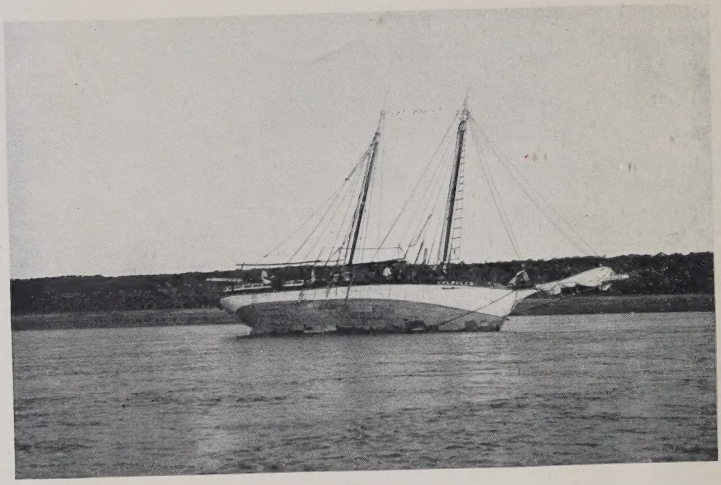
WHERE THE RIVERS CAULDER AND CHARNLEY MEET

cracks, but the sun-cracks here are precipitous ravines fifty to sixty feet across and running down to great depths. There is a network of passage-ways running between huge boulders of rock, some of which must weigh thousands of tons, and there are subterranean passages which provide a great harbour for wild dogs and other forms of native life. The flats along the edges of the rivers contain glorious pasture for stock, and on the other side, running away for miles to the north, there are many thousands of acres of wonderful cattle country prolific in feed. This is the best country I saw on the trip, and is most suitable for the cultivation of tropical fruits and cotton. The rise and fall at the junction of the two rivers is eighteen feet, and the photograph produced was taken at high tide.

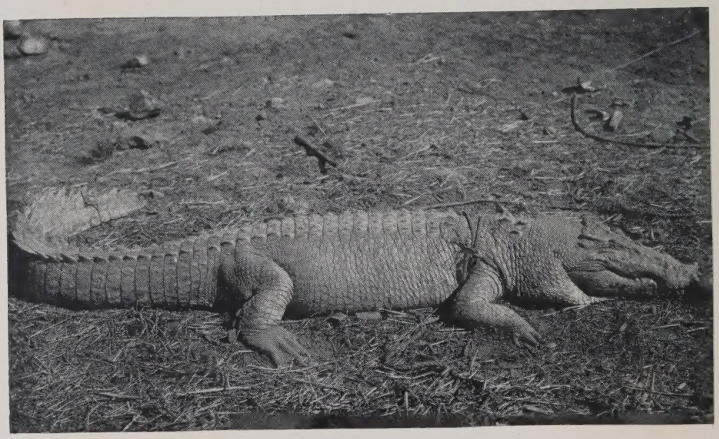
We went up the Charnley river for a couple of miles, but the above picture conveys no idea of how abruptly the range rises from the plain.

We were all out of our bunks when the first glimmer of light came into the eastern sky, but owing to the tide being against us we could not get a move on until eleven o'clock. As we were leaving in the whale-boat the two elder black boys who were left on the schooner warned us to look out for wild blacks and crocodiles. We were

well armed, however, and we set off at a great pace. About a quarter of a mile on the journey we came to the meeting of the waters from the two rivers, which causes a big rip, and as we were travelling at about ten miles an hour it was decided that the speed was too great, and we stopped the motor just in time, as we struck a bank and narrowly escaped a capsize. As it was the boat turned completely round like a flash, and the black boys, who are a wonderful help on these occasions, jumped out and held the boat until we could decide what to do. In the meantime the water was rushing past us at a tremendous pace and rising rapidly. Suddenly a great crocodile came to the surface about a chain away to our rear, and like a shot the boys were back in the boat, and we were swinging along again at about ten miles an hour. Looking ahead up the Charnley, it appeared as if we were going downhill, and the timber on the banks was flashing past like telegraph posts from a railway train. Then another small crocodile rushed from the top of the bank into the stream, and others could be seen ahead. We tore along like this for about an hour, and when we had entered the range we saw that the river was narrowing between high walls of cliff where it would be impossible to land. Eventually we



STRANDED AGAIN!



A MAN-EATING CROCODILE

made a landing about eight miles up, and climbed to the highest point of the range, from which we could see where the Caulder enters a dip among this mountainous formation. The tide soon turned, and after taking several photographs we returned at a great pace, and except for floating trees, logs and alligators, we had little trouble.

We went a short distance up the Caulder, but, as we could make no progress with the engine going its hardest, we let the whale-boat sheer over to the bank and tied up to the mangroves. In one of the trees on the south side of the river we found the nest of a pair of huge white-breasted fish hawks, which must have had a spread of wings close on twelve feet across. They were the only pair of the kind I saw during our voyage, and as there were two large white eggs in the nest, these were appropriated and landed safely home. These hawks lived doubtless to a great extent on fish; barramundi was very plentiful here, and is usually found at the junction of salt- and fresh-waters, and also in fresh water. This fish is shaped something like a Murray cod, but it is not so big in the head, and is a choice article of diet. We also found fiddlers to be very plentiful in the Inlet. Most of these were about two feet in length and varied in type. They were mostly grey in

colour, and some had shovel noses. We did a lot of inland work on the north side of the Inlet, where we found some extensive fresh-water holes carrying an abundance of wild ducks, while adjacent to them were numbers of native companions and wild turkeys. There was such a luxuriant growth of grass, however, that it was extremely difficult to get about with anything like expedition.

We started to return to the entrance of the Inlet late in the afternoon of the 5th of June, but we had only gone about two miles when we ran on a mud-bank and stuck there all night. We went ashore in the dark and, when it was light enough, filmed the schooner in the position shown in the accompanying photograph, and keeping the camera in position another length of film was taken as the tide came in and refloated her. During the long wait we amused ourselves by shooting crocodiles. Quite a number floated past us, and when one of the party succeeded in hitting one in the eye there was a tremendous splash for a moment and the crocodile would disappear for ever. Some of these were quite twenty-four feet long.

Early in the afternoon, with a good wind to assist us, we sailed for the mouth of the Isdell

river, and anchored at 6 p.m. at our destination in what we thought was safe water, and where we could keep afloat. A little later, however, a strong wind sprang up, and when the tide went out we were left high and dry on a flat ledge of rock, with a bigger cant than usual. We floated off again at ten o'clock, when we moored in deeper water and got some sleep. The Isdell is rather flattered by being named as a river, as it is only a small stream. We intended taking in water here, but found it too hard to get at and carry out in our canvas bags, so, as a fair breeze was blowing, we sailed for the mouth of the Inlet against the tide, and just managed to reach it as the wind dropped. Captain Johnson would not tackle the passage without a favourable wind and tide, so we lay at anchor throughout the 8th of June, and early the following morning we made a start. After an exciting passage we passed through the outer end at eight o'clock. The whirlpools were larger and more powerful than I had ever seen them, but as it was a cloudy day the photographer said the light was no good, and the work of photographing the whirlpools too dangerous. Here was another instance where I was keenly disappointed with the limitations for camera work, but certainly the difficulties were

great. The small schooner was practically at the mercy of a terrific tide, and as the mainsail and boom were flying across the deck every time the boat was whirled out of her course the task of taking photographs would have been attended with considerable danger. At one moment a huge whirlpool would expose the rudder and keel of the *Culwalla,* and then she would be carried at a frantic speed towards the forbidding-looking cliffs. Another whirlpool would catch her and spin her round like a top with such velocity that towering hills seemed to be flying past in all directions. You can imagine something of the effect of such an enormous body of water rushing out of this bottle-necked pass, and with every particle of wind blocked by the high cliffs. It was just as if we were racing down a hill of water. We were all glad when we got out once more to the sea.

Going up the coast from Walcott Inlet to Foam Bay we filmed some of the troubled waters, and we then proceeded to Doubtful Bay for water, which we got, together with a plentiful supply of yams, which were of very fine quality.

We next made a move on the 11th of June for the Montgomery Islands, and anchored off Cliffy Island, which is one of the group. It is a dangerous place to approach at high tide, as it is surrounded

for many miles by coral reefs, which stand about sixteen feet out of the water at low tide. All the islands here are flat with very little rising ground, and at high tide are only a few feet above sea level, and the largest of them is about eight miles long by four wide. The principal island of the group was about five miles from where we were anchored. Here we put the boys out in the boat with a view to filming them spearing dugong. The waters for miles around were teeming with them. The wind kept on increasing, and the boys had to return to the schooner, but on their way back we were fortunate in being able to film them harpooning a dugong. In undertaking this work the boat has to be handled as noiselessly as possible, so the boy manipulating the sculling oar at the stern of the boat encases the rowlock in a piece of bagging. He follows the movements of one of these sea-pigs with wonderful dexterity, and when the dugong comes to the surface to breathe the boy in the bow with the harpoon, to which is attached about ten fathoms of rope, thrusts the spear into the victim, at the same time jumping completely overboard so as to add his entire weight to the blow. This is necessary to drive the point of the harpoon through the hide, which is half an inch thick. The boy then scrambles

back into the boat, and the dugong rushes away immediately, towing the boat at a great pace until exhausted. If there is any further trouble the boy jumps over again and blocks the animal's nostrils with his hands to prevent it from breathing. This is a form of hunting the black boys greatly appreciate, and it is a treat to see the pleasure expressed on their faces when they harpoon one. By the time they had captured this particular prize they had been carried so far from the boat that we had to send assistance to get them back to the schooner.

We remained in this position for several days, and spent the major portion of the time in visiting the various islands. They are mostly very small, and we had to walk miles over exposed reefs, as there are thousands of acres of these when the water is low. At the south-eastern corner of this huge reef a very beautiful waterfall is formed when the tide is at its lowest, as there is then a drop of about eighteen feet. The reefs are never entirely bare of water, and the live coral generally has a covering of from two to four feet, and close to the islands there are heavy crops of weed like coarse grass, on which the dugong grazes. The water on the reefs seethes with fish and shell-fish, and the coral here is exceptionally fine. On a

fine morning large sting-rays can be seen flopping about in all directions in the shallows, and white and blue cranes walk daintily over this wonderful scene. The dawn is heralded by the screech of thousands of cockatoos, which feed on the islands from a leguminous form of plant life which bears a small red pea.

I obtained the largest sand cockles from here that I have ever seen, as it would be impossible to get one into an ordinary-sized breakfast cup, and we found them excellent eating. We also had an unusual experience one night when we went fishing to replenish the larder. We went out in the fishing-boat, but found it quite unnecessary to use the lines, as within a few minutes the water for a considerable distance was a moving mass of fish, and we captured more than we wanted with the aid of a Japanese throw-net. This is about fifteen feet across with a cord attached to the centre, and is also fringed with pieces of lead. When the net is thrown the lead sinks, the cord is drawn and the fish are meshed, when the catch is hauled aboard. We caught a number of fine gar-fish and tailer in this manner, besides other varieties which were quite new to me. Numbers of bigger fish came to the surface and converted the glassy surface of the water into a whirlpool,

and judging by the way they bumped the boat some of them must have been of considerable size, but the night was as black as pitch and we could not see what they were like.

We found Montgomery Islands, and their accompanying reefs, which are in Collier Bay, one of the most fascinating places visited owing to the great variety of sea life it possesses. It was here that we encountered a fine sample of mutton-fish crawling about on the reefs in very shallow water, and this is a very valuable commodity in China, as when dried it is worth at least £200 a ton. It is also a good field for bêche-de-mer. On the following night while going ashore for fish a light was placed in the boat; we were suddenly surprised by having the light knocked over by a large Long Tom jumping into the boat, and after being relighted dozens of smaller fish jumped. There were several different kinds, mostly gar-fish, and before we reached the beach we had many more than we required.

After we had been there for a couple of days we saw two natives in the distance leaving the mainland in a catamaran. We were on one of the smaller islands at the time and, when the visitors got within speaking distance, one of them called out to one of the boys and asked in the native

A MONTGOMERY ISLAND NATIVE

tongue who we were and what we wanted. When they found that we were friendly they came over to us. The only clothing they had between them was one hat, which was very much the worse for wear. We gave them some food and tobacco, after which they departed and brought up the rest of their tribe, which comprised eight men and four or five gins and a sprinkling of piccaninnies. Although the blacks have always been considered treacherous near the Montgomery Islands, we found them a very fine lot, both in regard to physique and in their conduct. They were willing to work and brought in several magnificent specimens of hawk's-bill turtles, and picked up shells and other things they thought might afford us pleasure. The gentleman with the artistic back, whose photograph is produced here, was one of our visitors on this occasion. With regard to this photo Professor Baldwin Spencer, of the National Museum, Melbourne, wrote to the Secretary of the North-West Scientific and Exploration Syndicate :

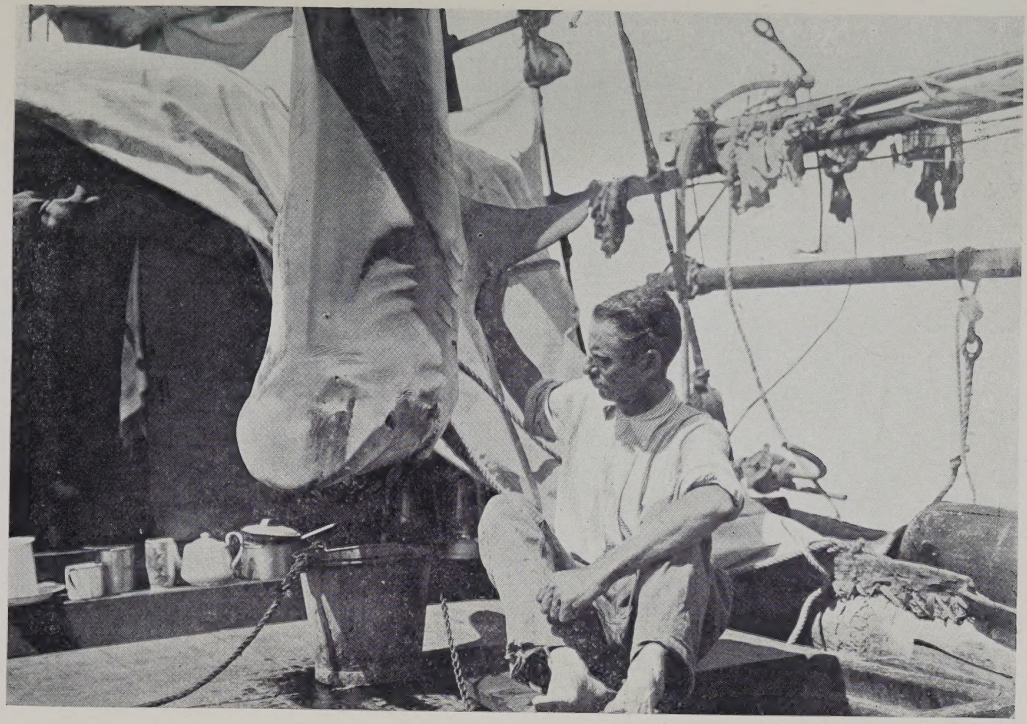
" I am very much obliged to you for your kindness in sending the photograph of the Montgomery Island native.

" I have seen a large number of natives with cicatrices of this nature, but none with them developed to such an extent. The photograph is

most interesting, and we are having an enlargement made to place in the Australian Ethnological collection, stating, of course, to whom we are indebted for it."

While to us markings of this nature would be regarded as a decided disfigurement, with the North-West Australian natives they are considered to be a great feature of beauty, and to acquire it they must go through a considerable amount of pain. It is done with a sharp-edged stone and, when the flesh is laid bare, mud and ashes are rubbed into the incisions. These North-West tribes are very active in the water, and they are great divers. While they were with us I accidentally dropped a bucket overboard in about twenty feet of water, and one man was after it like a shot and returned it to me. They also brought us a number of pearl-shells from the floor of the sea, for they are found in all of these waters.

A great number of sea-snakes are to be seen here when the tide is out, and we had an opportunity to film some of the largest we saw on the trip. They are said to be very venomous, but the blacks don't seem to take much notice of them; but they do not like going overboard after a boat has been at anchor for several days, as sharks soon gather round. We caught several



A GROUND SHARK

there about eight feet long, which were very thick through the body and light grey in colour. They were a variety I had never seen before, and were very easy to pull up when hooked.

Sharks similar to that shown in the picture cannot be landed after hooking, as they fight very vigorously. In catching them a large stout steel hook is fastened to strong rope with about four feet of chain, and the boat end of the rope is tied to an oil drum on deck. When the bait, which consists of a piece of turtle or a large lump of dugong, is taken, the oil drum is carried overboard, and after fighting for some time the shark generally sticks his head out of water when becoming exhausted, and a rifle bullet does the rest. When we were in the Grave Yard some one foolishly tied a shark line to the stern of the schooner, and when a fish was hooked the stern of the boat was shifted around several feet before the rope parted.

During the last day we were there we saw a sail approaching, and it proved to be the schooner from the Port George Mission. Mr. Wilson of the Mission had heard of our approach some time before, and of our contemplated visit to him, and he not only extended a very hearty welcome to the party, but assured us that he would do all in his power to assist our work. As the boat

was going on to Broome with mail, this provided us with an opportunity to despatch ours, which was just the thing we had been seeking.

We left the Montgomery Islands on June 16th and made for Camden Sound, which provides a good safe anchorage, with very deep water in many places. It is situated between Augustus Island and the mainland. There are a number of small islands in the harbour, and on one of these, known as Sheep Island, we found the grave of Mary Jane Pascoe, who was evidently an early settler in these far northern parts. Her last resting-place was overgrown with foliage, which we removed, and to enable a photograph to be taken of the engraving on the headstone we rubbed some rotten white shell into the lettering.

It will be seen that a large baob tree stands sentinel over the grave. Many names and initials have been cut deep into the bark, and it will be observed that Eric McGuire, one of the party of three prospectors who were murdered by the blacks, was the last to add his name. McGuire and his friends were killed at Lamarck Island, which is situated about sixty to seventy miles north from here. We next visited the Mission, which is at the east end of the Camden Harbour, and on the short voyage we passed several little groups of

A LONELY GRAVE ON SHEEP ISLAND, CAMDEN HARBOUR

natives employed in fishing. It was here that the accompanying photograph was taken.

This native stands 6 feet 6 inches on feet that are always bare, and he has a rather unenviable reputation among the missionaries. He is immensely powerful and the other blacks are greatly afraid of him.

We had a walk of about three miles to reach the Mission Station, and passed through very fine country which is well watered, and carries a good deal of timber and an abundance of grass. Patches of this land are eminently suitable for tropical agriculture, as will be seen from the photographs.

It will be observed from these pictures that the dwelling is a small but neatly built house of galvanized iron, which stands on studs ten feet high. The house was planned partly with an eye to defence, as the steps can be drawn up, and there are apertures in the walls for defensive purposes, but fortunately there has so far been no need to use these provisions. It is here that Mr. and Mrs. Wilson and Mr. and Mrs. Paton live, and the two young children of the former look very healthy. The photograph of the garden shows banana and pau pau trees which were only planted a year ago, and these were carrying quite a large quantity of fruit. Pineapples, sugar-cane, cotton, melons,

tomatoes, sweet potatoes, and all classes of vegetables grow prolifically, and we also sampled peanuts and beans which were produced on the premises. The Mission Station was only shifted to this position a year before our visit, and it was remarkable what had been accomplished in that time. The few acres surrounding the house had been cleared and securely fenced with barbed wire and wire netting, and every portion of this area was carrying some sort of crop. There are fifty goats and many fowls attached to the settlement, and we were generously supplied with fresh vegetables and eggs. There were very few natives at the Mission at the time of our visit, and Mr. Wilson informed me that they were away settling some tribal disagreements. These apparently are of frequent occurrence, and it was explained that small tribal wars often took place. He said that although the Mission had very little trouble with the natives they were a rather bad-living and quarrelsome lot. As I was anxious to film some of these blacks, we cut our stay short and decided to call in again on the homeward voyage. In the neighbourhood of the Mission I saw some of the best land we had encountered since leaving Walcott Inlet, and I am convinced that later some valuable mineral shows will be

PORT GEORGE IV. MISSION STATION

A BIG CAMDEN HARBOUR NATIVE

discovered in this locality, particularly in regard to copper and lead ores.

Leaving the Mission we sailed for Bat Island, which is about forty to fifty miles north, and situated at the south end of Coronation Island. The finding of gold had been reported at the latter place, and it was to ascertain the truth of this that we went there first, as there is always a fascinating magnetism connected with the discovery of the precious yellow mineral. We anchored off Bat Island and went ashore at the south end, where we put in a considerable amount of strenuous effort prospecting and fossicking around the coast-line, and between times we took on board a good supply of greenback turtle eggs for the natives on the schooner, as they are particularly fond of this form of diet. Subsequently we changed our anchorage to a point between Coronation Island and the mainland, and near the north end we came in contact with a very large quartz reef, the bold outcrop standing quite fifteen feet above the ground level, and at one end it was quite sixty feet wide. One side of it was as straight as a wall, and the formation was running east and west. This we followed right across the island, a distance of about four miles. It is a well-defined reef throughout, but it petered out at the western end, and tailed off

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into floaters. Fortunately for us the blacks had burnt off the scrub and bush some little time before, which made the travelling much more accessible than it would otherwise have been, and enabled us to make a careful inspection of the reef, which I do not think is of a gold-bearing character. So far as the prospects for the discovery of a goldfield in these far North-Western parts are concerned, I consider the most likely position for a find of this nature is south-east of "The Funnel" in Secure Bay, the country there being most promising in appearance. We saw no black fellows on Coronation Island, but there were plenty on the mainland, and these kept well out of our way. The island was swarming with black and white cockatoos, which flew in screeching clouds at our approach, and quail were also present in great numbers.

From here we went on to Cape Londonderry, which I consider to be now the wildest corner in our vast continent, and civilization has done practically nothing to interfere with its natural conditions. There is no doubt about the blacks being wild, as we could not get near them, and they moved very quickly, as they are continually burning off the country to give themselves quicker passage. We saw their smoke signals in all directions, and sighted several blacks in the distance, but they cleared off like greased lightning. It was

here that we saw the second pair of large black-and-white pigeons, but we could not get within shooting distance.

Just where we were anchored there was an excellent sandy beach about half a mile long, and at the south end of it there was a curious formation of stones, which was one of the most extraordinary things I have ever seen. These stones were heaped up like road metal, and the heap was quite five chains long by a chain wide. It was perfectly flat on the top, and the sides were as even as if they had been built by experienced hands. One side rested on the sandy beach and the other in the grass above high-water mark, and there was not a single stone lying loose from the heap. They were round, flat, water-worn stones, brown in colour, and it beats my powers of imagination to even hazard an opinion as to how they got there.

On continuing our voyage we had a very rough passage across York Sound, and passed many small islands and ugly rocks, which were just showing out of the water. Here we passed Lamarck Island, where the McGuire party were killed by the blacks. This is a flat, low-lying island with a lot of sandy beach, on which the greenback turtles lay their eggs in great quantities. We anchored near Cape Pond at the entrance to Scott's Strait in twelve fathoms of water with a hard bottom.

Here we saw more blacks on the mainland, and we could tell from their signals that they were there in great numbers. We went ashore to try to get in touch with them, but they disappeared.

The next morning we entered Scott's Strait and ran into a dead calm, when we let the schooner drift with the tide.

One can hardly imagine in watching this little 23-ton ship in this peaceful corner what she had gone through on the voyage up the coast; the terrible battles fought against fierce tides and winds, and the many times she was diving through troubled water with only a jib set and her midships all awash, while we on board were fully conscious all the time that any moment we might be cast up on some unknown rock or other obstacle which would put an end to the lot of us. There was no wind when we anchored, but at 11.30 it started to blow and lashed the waves into a furious tumult with its increasing velocity, and then at two o'clock it stopped as suddenly as it commenced. This was a sample of what is known locally as a "Cock-eyed Bob." These storms come up with a sudden burst of wind with very little warning cloud, and at times make matters very uncomfortable and even dangerous for the small craft that sail these waters. More severe weather is experienced, however, in these North-

THE "CULWULLA" BECALMED AND DRIFTING IN SCOTT'S STRAITS

Western parts from what are known as "Willy Willies," which have the same characteristics as the severe storms of all tropical countries, and these have accounted for the loss of many a pearling lugger and its crew. They are dreaded by the pearling fleets, and occasionally large numbers of boats are swept away at one time, but these losses are generally sustained through starting the pearling season too soon, or stopping out too late.

On the east side of Scott's Strait the land fringing the sea, although very rough, is not as high as other portions of the coast, but the low cliffs have an extraordinarily rocky face running sheer into the sea, and some of the rugged outlines of these beautiful formations will remain for all time as a monument to the great Architect of the universe. In places there are narrow sandy beaches, the majority of which carried the marks of natives' footprints, but as usual the blacks kept well out of the way. Oysters were obtainable in many places, and, as is the case everywhere along this coast, the sea was full of fish. Some amusement was occasioned the party by the manner in which the gar-fish skipped along the surface of the water when chased by larger fish, as sometimes they would cover at least a hundred yards in the same manner that a flat pebble will skim when thrown along the smooth face of a lagoon. Occasionally

these frightened gar would steer a wrong course and smash into the rocks, and incidents of this character appealed greatly to the childlike natures of the black boys who were with us. On the west side of the Strait lies Bigge Island, which is twelve miles long by six miles across at the widest point. There were many blacks on the island, and their principal camp was on the north-west extremity. It is in these regions that the method of sea transport adopted is the dug-out canoe.

The canoe shown in the accompanying picture was 19 feet in length, and from 2 feet 6 inches to 3 feet in width, and was hollowed out of a big log. This is accomplished by burning out the centre and powdering the charred portions with stone tomahawks. As explained previously, south of this the so-called catamaran is used. In regard to the canoe depicted, I should also explain that the native bringing it towards the schooner was one of my own boys, and the paddle he is using is not a part of the canoe's equipment. The men in the water are wild blacks. These men have a great knowledge of tides on this coast, and sometimes they will travel in a roundabout course for twenty-five miles to reach their objective ten miles away from their starting-point. Two or three of them propel the boat at one time with paddles from two to three feet long; these are made from

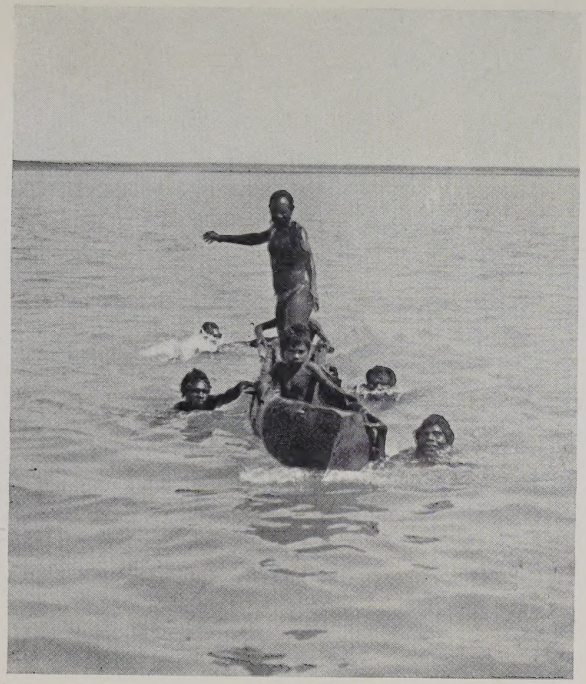
mangrove wood, which is very light. The natives are very nervous about losing these canoes, and this is probably due to the fact that a considerable amount of labour is involved in their construction, and these black men are by no means fond of work. They generally carry with them on their voyages about three fathoms of native-made rope about as thick as a clothes line, and this is attached to a stone weighing from thirty to forty pounds, which is used as an anchor. The rope, which is made from the bark off the roots of a scrubby tree growing on the coast, is of great strength. I saw one very old canoe that had been repaired, and it had one patch on it eight feet long by eight inches wide. Holes had been drilled through the patch-board and the side of the dug-out, and ties had then been neatly and strongly effected with native rope.

One thing that struck me about the natives in these parts was that they never seemed to carry anything with them in the form of eatables, and they depended always on Nature's great storehouse for their next meal. They have no trouble in obtaining all the game, fish and oysters they require, and having no clothes to provide, or income tax to pay, their cost of living is very inexpensive. When one has been for some time in these vast areas, unoccupied by white people, and see the rugged grandeur of the scenery, the

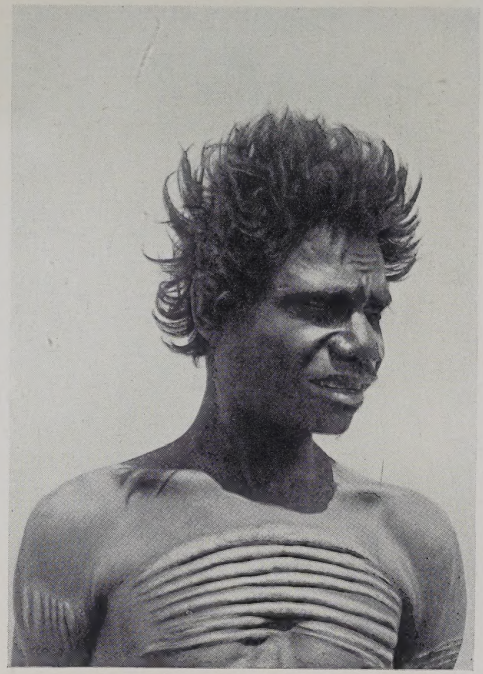
natural undeveloped wealth of the country, and the magnificent physique and care-free life of these wild blacks, it makes one wonder at times whether civilization is worth it. These natives camp throughout the year in the open, without even the shelter of a Mia Mia, excepting when they go to the Missions, and they never use a blanket. I did see a gin on one occasion sitting in front of a fire when it was raining, and she had a piece of bark on her back to run the water off.

All along this coast the spear is the principal weapon of offence and defence when tribal troubles arise, and also in hunting, and the spear-heads are very artistically made of stone.

These spear-heads were photographed from a portion of the collection I made during the trip. The blacks use the spear with great dexterity, and it is propelled long distances with the aid of the woomera, or throwing-stick. The stick which carries the spear-head is about four feet long by one and a half inches in circumference, and the back end is fitted into a six-feet length of bamboo, the bindings of both the head and the joint being made with green sinews from the tail of a kangaroo, which is plastered over with the heated wax of the spinifex. In some cases where kangaroo sinews are not procurable they use the fibre with which they manufacture their rope. The back



A REAL DUG-OUT CANOE



JUST AS WILD AS HE LOOKS!

end of the bamboo is cut about half an inch in rear of the last joint in the cane in such a manner as to receive the hook at the end of the throwing-stick, which is from three to four feet long and made from the mangrove. The woomera is flat and tapers off from four inches wide at the handle to half an inch at the hook end. There are two slots for the fingers at the handle. I saw a native throw a spear one hundred and forty yards with a woomera, and I know this measurement to be correct, as I stepped over the distance. This was by no means exceptional, as in a demonstration of this kind the blacks never throw as well as they do under the excitement of the chase. The spear used for fishing is a straight stick from ten to twelve feet long, and is not barbed, and it is used with wonderful accuracy. Their other weapons are principally kylies or boomerangs, which they also use for killing fish when schooling in the shallow waters.

About the only thing worn by the gins here is a hair belt which they weave from their own hair, and sometimes these belts are an inch in diameter. All the natives grow very little hair on their bodies, and the gins always keep the hair on their heads trimmed fairly short.

We sailed from Scott's Strait into Montague Sound, and on several occasions during the progress

of the voyage across the Sound we left the schooner in the whale-boat and visited some of the islands. We also discovered a fine patch of sponge growth, many of which were of good shape, and some were perfectly round. We proceeded to Cape Voltaire and anchored in a cosy corner on the south side. The first thing that struck me here was the abundant quantity of oysters, which were sticking to the rocks, and at low tide fifteen feet of them were exposed. Some of them were of exceptional size, and they were all of excellent flavour.

Cape Voltaire is lower than most of the points on the coast, yet it stands about 200 feet high, and presents the appearance of an almost black abandoned castle with some grass and odd bushes on the top. On the south side there is a fine sandy beach, while to the north the rocks are very beautiful and almost white, which forms a striking contrast with the black point of the Cape. The whole formation is very strange and looks like the ruins of some ancient castle. We filmed this on the backward journey. An eagle's nest was perched on a high rock at the Cape, and in the surrounding waters huge turtles were coming to the surface every moment, and disappearing again like a flash as soon as they sighted us. There were also a number of blacks close in to the coast, but they kept well out of the way, and although

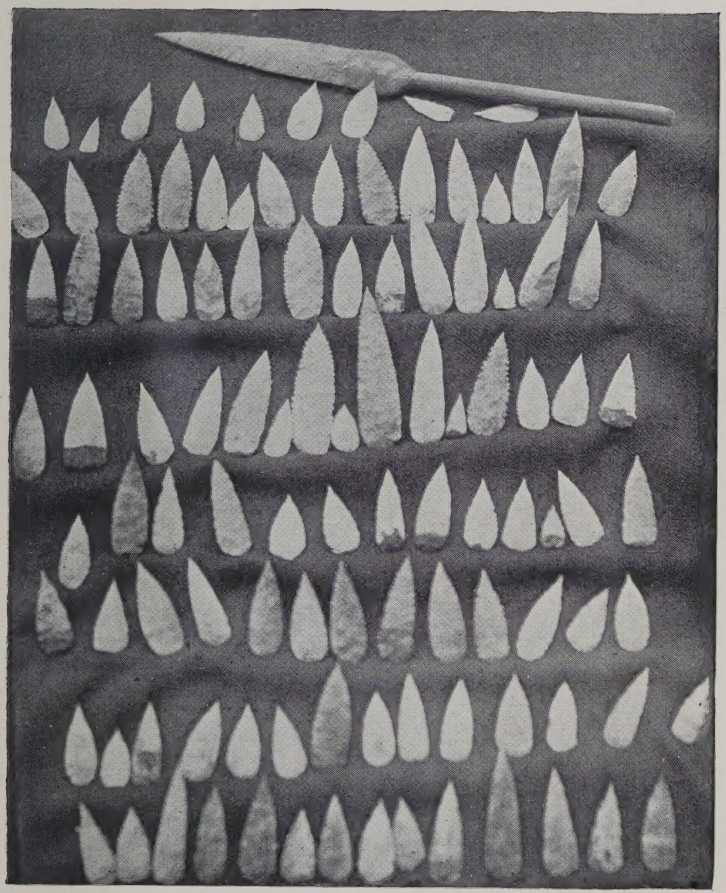
we went inland for some distance we failed to get in touch with them. Just to the east side of Cape Voltaire there is a large hill carrying very little scrub or herbage, and over this there is quite a well-defined bush track, on which the natives evidently travel in their journeys to the sea.

We passed Eclipse Hill and anchored at the south end of Long Island after an exciting trip through Voltaire Passage. This is a very nasty narrow channel, and it was blowing half a gale at the time smack in our teeth, but fortunately we had the tide in our favour. We were beating up close to the wind with rocks all around us, and as the boat went about the lead showed only two fathoms. There was a choppy sea running with high waves, and we were lucky to get through without disaster. Even our black boys, who were experienced seamen, were excited and displayed signs of considerable anxiety. The tide changed as we plunged into Admiralty Gulf from Bigg's Point. Later we passed White Island and anchored between there and Eclipse Island, where there were many rocks awash all around us. Here we had to wait for the tide, and as soon as it was in our favour we ran across the Gulf and anchored on the south side of the largest of the Osborne Islands just at sundown. These islands rise to a considerable height above sea level, and

they looked very beautiful in the evening light as they threw their dense shadows over the miniature sandy beaches and rocky points. There were quite a number of natives here also, and they appeared to be well nourished, but they were a very wild lot. We managed with considerable difficulty to get close enough to a few to take the accompanying photograph.

There are a good many more islands in this vicinity than are shown on the map and, with the exception of a few, the small passages between them are difficult to negotiate. As usual the waters abound with fish and turtle, and after a careful examination I concluded that this would also be an excellent position for pearling operations, as the shell is there in considerable quantities, and the waters in the vicinity of the islands are shallow. The natives on the mainland were evidently interested in our movements, as smoke signals could be seen all along the coast.

On Monday, June 25th, we sailed for Cape Bougainville and made an attempt to make a passage between the islands and the mainland, but we were compelled to turn back owing to the shallow nature of the water and go outside the islands. Here we encountered a heavy sea and strong winds, and although we made matters as snug as we could by taking in two reefs in the main



STONE SPEARHEADS COLLECTED ON THE TRIP

and foresails the water was flying everywhere and the deck was awash most of the time. We passed miles of exposed reefs, and here again Captain Johnson proved himself a fine seaman by his masterly handling of the boat. We rounded Gibson's Point at noon with the wind increasing in volume as we turned Fury Point, and the sea was very troubled. There was a dead head-wind against the tide, and it was only with considerable difficulty that we reached the lee side of Cape Bougainville, and hove to in a snug little anchorage. Here we went ashore, and as usual left one man in the boat, who, after landing us, pulled out from the shore as a safeguard against surprise from the blacks. We walked across the Cape and found the place of great interest. The little bays were swarming with fish, and oysters were in profusion, while at low tide the coral was very beautiful. I was surprised at the excellence of the sole caught here by our boys on the sand patches on the reefs, as some of them weighed from two to four pounds, and they were delicious eating. In fact they were the largest I have ever seen and, despite our healthy appetites, one fish sufficed two of us for a meal. The sea also abounds in this neighbourhood with sponges and, although I had seen many patches on the trip, the growth and quality were better here than anywhere else.

We then sailed into Parry Harbour, and saw more blacks there, but they cleared off as soon as we approached. We crossed Parry Harbour to a position near the mainland opposite Red Island. The latter is small and flat and composed chiefly of ironstone rubble. There were evidences here also of the presence of a large number of natives, but they kept out of sight. We landed on the mainland, and everywhere we went there were vast numbers of quail, small brown pigeons, and some wild turkey. The weather was cloudy and cold, and as the captain decided that he would hang on until the wind dropped we occupied the next two days in doing inland work. The passages we wished to sail through were very narrow, and we had to cross many sunken reefs, but the wind moderated and was helpful, and with the tide assisting we went around the Cape and anchored at Red Island until the tide turned, when we hoisted sail again and made for the south end of Long Island, which we reached just before dusk. We could see a canoe on the beach, and while we were watching it about twenty blacks ran down across the sand and carried it away into the bush. Shortly after about a dozen of them reappeared on the beach, and when our boys called to them and waved they responded in like manner. Four of the more daring of them subsequently waded

WITHOUT A PARTICLE OF CLOTHING !

THEY ONLY LAUGHED WHEN WE DID !

out waist deep in the sea, and holding up their hands called to us; we decided, however, to settle down for the night, and at daybreak we saw that the natives were still on the shore. We sent two of our boys in the dinghy to talk with them, and after some persuasion they induced two of these wild men to accompany them to the schooner, while the remainder of the tribe moved back into the scrub. If the beach had not been of considerable width, and the two men who waded out to the boat had not come unarmed, our boys would have been too afraid to have risked going closer to the bush. When the dinghy reached the schooner the two wild blacks were very nervous and excited, and sat jabbering and showing their teeth, but the only thing that we could make any sense of was the word "woman," and when they uttered this they pointed to the shore. We finally got them to sit at the stern of the schooner, where the accompanying photograph was taken.

They were middle-aged men of fine physique, and seemed to take a keen interest in the operation of lighting a cigarette with a match. After we had exhausted several ways of entertaining them we gave them a good feed of boiled rice, sugar and biscuits and started the gramophone going, but they would only laugh when our boys did. They also repeated everything we said to them, and they

imitated our slightest movements, such as putting a hand to a moustache. We then put them ashore, and about a couple of hours after we saw them on the beach again with a dozen others. Four males, including the two who had been on the schooner, led their gins waist deep into the water, calling continuously "Woman," "woman," and waving their hands frantically. We then put the camera kit into the whale-boat with a quantity of food similar to that given to the others, and went ashore, landing at what we considered a convenient place for enticing the natives away from the cover of the timber. Looking down the bend of the coast as we approached the shore we could see a dozen other blacks farther away, and when landing I gave strict instructions to all members of the party that they were to keep together. We fed those who met the boat, as I was desirous of giving them more confidence, and a little later we were able to photograph some of them. Owing, however, to the length of time taken in fixing the camera, many of them ran away, while others squatted behind big rocks and looked over them at us.

By this time one member of the party, forgetting about my instructions, had wandered off about 300 yards down the beach, and was standing with his hands in his pockets, quite oblivious of the

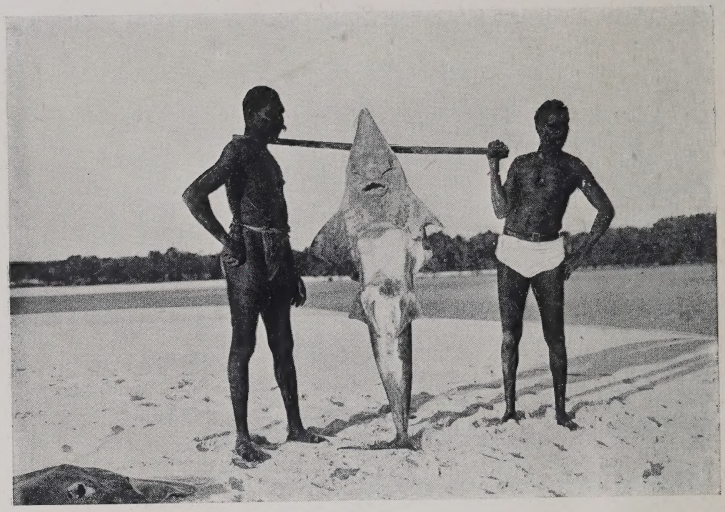
SIX FINE HALF-CASTE BOYS, WITH RICE GROWING IN THE BACKGROUND

FOUR LONELY MISSIONARIES

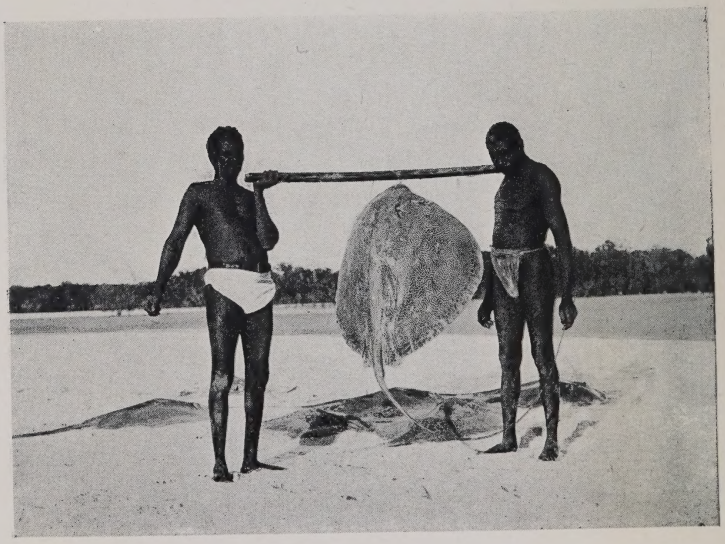
fact that there were natives armed with spears, just inside the fringe of the bush. Owing to the unsatisfactory way the natives were behaving, we decided to leave some food on the shore and return to the schooner. All these natives were absolutely nude, and had little or no hair on their bodies, were bearded from the point of their chins, and the hair on their heads was about four inches long above their high foreheads. The gins there were not of a good type, their faces being repulsive, but some of them were shapely and well limbed. I was satisfied that they had gathered on Long Island for the performance of some tribal ceremonies, with which we possibly interfered, otherwise we would have met with a better reception. There must have been one hundred and fifty blacks, and I am confident it was not their permanent camping-ground. There is an abundant supply of fish in the locality, and a plentiful supply of fresh water. Having decided to stay a little while longer to see if they would become more friendly after being so well treated, we spent the day fishing to replenish our larder, and fossicking on the reefs. When our whale-boat rounded the south-east point of Long Island we saw another lot of natives in a canoe, but they quickly made for the shore, and picking up their canoe dashed off through the timber. While we were fishing off

the extreme point, two of the boys and myself went cautiously ashore, and while the boys were engaged in spearing fish I found the tracks where four canoes had been landed, and a great number of footprints on the sand. I climbed to the highest position of the point, and, exposing only my head, I could see quite a dozen armed blacks, including one of those who ran away, who was about 6 feet 6 inches in height. They were approaching in a bent position in line of skirmishing order, with intervals of a chain apart, and were taking advantage of all the cover they could get from the rocks, around which they would creep, exposing only about four inches of hair and eyes. There is no doubt that they meant mischief, and my black boys, although frightened, appealed to me for firearms, and said excitedly, "Me fight 'em, boss"; but we quickly got into the boat and pulled out of reach of their spears. As we had procured all the fish we wanted we made for the schooner, when several of the wild blacks exposed themselves, and bounding from rock to rock like kittens, jabbered in an excited fashion.

When we returned to the schooner, Captain Johnson said he would pull across to the beach and see if he could get any sense out of them, and when he got 200 yards from the shore they made signs to him to pull in farther down the coast, which he



A UNIQUE SPECIMEN OF SHARK



STINGRAY (NOTE STING ON ITS TAIL)

did. There the blacks were joined by other natives, but the beach being very narrow at this point he decided not to go within spear throw of them. He said the black boys with him explained that the natives were very cross about something and wanted to fight, and he was of opinion that it was because we would not take advantage of their offer of women, or that they were under the impression we wanted to steal their canoes. He returned to the boat, satisfied that it was useless to try to do more with them. Fire, which we took to be signals, then sprang up in various parts of the islands, but as the weather was still unfavourable for continuing our voyage we decided to stay where we were for the night. We kept a strict watch, and in the early hours of the morning one of the two dogs on board barked furiously, and on looking towards the shore we could see two canoes filled with bucks keeping in the shadow of the island. Nothing happened, anyhow, and at 5.30 a.m., with a fairly strong head wind, and the tide in our favour, we rounded the south-east corner of Long Island. The wind freshened to such an extent that we had to reef down our sails, and after beating for about three hours we found the tide so low that we had to anchor. We anchored for breakfast, and the boat was so lively in the high sea running that it was a case of

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juggling with the food, and tea-drinking was almost a matter of impossibility. We got under way again at 10.30, and after beating hard until 5 p.m. we rounded Single Tree Point opposite Sir Graham Moore Islands.

Up to this we had encountered many sandbanks, some of which we touched while sailing, and small rocky islands. At times we were in less than two fathoms of water. Crossing Vansittart Bay we encountered an enormous school of porpoises which provided good rifle practice, and they gave some extraordinary demonstrations when hit. What little of the coast we saw here was lower than usual, and the trees were larger. We made for Napier Broome Bay, which is a place I have marked down as a great field for future fossicking, and I hope to do this some day with a party on pleasure bent. We anchored at a point two miles from the Napier Broome Mission, which is also sometimes called the Drysdale Mission. We were all pleased to get into calm water again, and after the strain we benefited by a good night's rest.

On the following morning we stood the schooner in as close as possible to the shore, where we were greeted by a Spanish missionary, who proved to be one of the three brothers under the administration of Father Attomora. Being short of water, we inquired where we could obtain a supply,

and found that it was in the Mission garden, half a mile from the boat. The skipper got the crew on to the job immediately, as it was a big contract to cart 400 gallons in canvas carriers over this distance. The missionaries seemed very pleased to see us, and particularly so when they found that we had brought a considerable amount of mail matter for them from Broome. They were most anxious for any war news, of which we had little to give, but we passed on to them some well-used papers we had brought with us. This Mission was established ten years prior to our visit, and success had attended their efforts in growing rice, sweet potatoes, tomatoes, mustard, melons, bananas, beans, sugar-cane, pineapples, coco-nuts, and several other varieties of tropical fruits.

The dwelling consists of a small three-roomed galvanized iron house on piles ten feet high, a big shed for timber and general store-room, a cart-shed, workshop, and three small empty dwellings, which the missionaries said were ready for the boys when they married. The latter each consisted of one small room made of bark. There were six or eight bright-looking half-caste boys at the Mission, whose ages ranged from fourteen to sixteen years, but I only saw one black boy and one gin attached to the place. Each of the priests, and even the small boys, carried revolvers, and the former

explained that there were hundreds of blacks all around them. This was proved by the fact that we could see the smoke of fires in every direction. One of the missionaries told me that a few years before they were badly speared, and narrowly escaped with their lives, and even since the natives had come down on several occasions in great numbers and threatened them. All around the settlement the country has been well cleared to give an open view of any approaching natives, and the clearing is encircled with a barbed wire fence. About three acres is cultivated with Teheran rice, and they showed us a number of bags of their own growing.

They had about fifty pigs at the Mission, which they stated do well, but the blacks sometimes spear them almost as fast as they can breed them. They hold about thirty square miles of good country, but their only other stock consists of four working bullocks and two milking cows, for which there is an abundance of good grass. We were the first visitors they had received for twelve months, and as their stock of provisions was very low we left them two 50-lb. bags of flour and several other things they mostly needed. They are dependent on the schooner *Salvador* of the Beagle Bay Mission for their supplies, and this boat only calls once a year. Before leaving we took a film of the Mission

Station and its surroundings, and I left them with the impression that these lonely Spaniards wanted more frequent visitors if their knowledge of the English language was to be improved. They were very hospitable, however, and did all in their power to make our brief stay enjoyable and informative. We did a good deal of inland fossicking in a southerly direction from the Mission, and encountered some grasses which stood up to twelve feet high.

Napier Broome Bay is alive with fish of almost every variety found on this coast, and this is one thing the missionaries are never short of.

One morning we spent spearing sting-rays, commonly known as stingarees, which can be found in hundreds here, and with two black boys to do the business end of the catching I filled a whale-boat in two hours.

Some of these fish have two stings in the tail, and others only one about eight inches long.

The sting is about a foot from the butt of the tail, and varies in length and thickness according to the size of the fish. We speared them in about four to six feet of water, and some of those we captured weighed up to 5 cwt., and the tails of the largest were from six to nine feet in length. They are easy targets for the spearman, and very powerful in the water, but when wounded through the spine are not

difficult to handle. If pierced in some less vulnerable place they provide some good sport in landing them. The sting on the tail is covered with a black poisonous slime, and in order to photograph the sting it was rubbed with sand until it became white. The black boys also gave us a good exhibition here of killing white-fish, which were present in large schools, with the aid of kylies made from the remains of an old soft-goods tank. During our fishing excursions there we also caught a unique specimen of shark, which was speared by one of the boys.

This fish was six to seven feet long, and had a black back and pink belly, and it swims close to the bottom. The skin is very coarse, and there is a ridge between the fins on the back which extends almost the entire length of the fish. It is of a horny substance, and appears to be provided by Nature for protective purposes.

Before leaving we came across a few blacks, with whom we took no risks, but we secured from them some excellent stone spear-heads in exchange for food. Several people have been murdered by the blacks in these parts, including a member of a shooting party from a war boat, whose speared body was subsequently found by a search expedition. After we had developed our films and replenished our tanks we sailed for Cape London-

derry, and at 5.30 anchored under the shelter of the outer and smaller island of the Sir Graham Moore group, where we remained for the night.

We were visited that night by natives, who came around us in canoes, and the Malay boatswain, Sallow, who was terribly afraid of wild blacks, drew my attention on several occasions to these fellows prowling about. This was, I am sure, the only thing Sallow was afraid of, and throughout the trip I found him a great asset. He was expert at cleaning pearl-shell, and generally very handy, loyal and polite. He came to Broome in the early days of pearling when quite a boy, and the major portion of his life had been spent in diving. This we found to be of great advantage on several occasions when the anchor got fast, or the chain fouled, as he would be over the side like a shot, and when he returned to the surface he would blow sea-water out of his nostrils like a porpoise. His phctograph can be seen in the picture of the sail-fish, holding the head of our strange captive. The natives did not cause us any trouble on this occasion, so that Sallow's fears were without foundation.

At 5.15 a.m. we were on the move again, and rounding Cape Talbot and Londonderry reached a point two miles due north-east of Stuart Islands, which are two small flat islands of sandy appearance situated amidst the reefs off Londonderry.

Owing to adverse tides and winds it took us three days to reach a position off the mainland on the north side of King's Shoal, which is outside Cambridge Gulf, the waterway to Wyndham, an important town seventy-five miles inland.

Another day and a half were occupied in trying to reach Turtle Bay, Lacrosse Island, and then with only half a mile to go the wind dropped and the tide carried us back half-way across Cambridge Gulf. However, we managed eventually to reach the eastern side of the Gulf once more and anchored in fourteen fathoms of water, where the violent rolling of the schooner made matters very uncomfortable for us.

We did not reach Turtle Bay until the morning of the 7th, and ran in close to the beach. We examined the island and saw much that was very beautiful and exceedingly interesting. On the west side are rocky hills rising 1000 feet above sea level. Right opposite Turtle Bay beach there was a nice piece of flat country, and there we spent the afternoon shooting quail, which were in great numbers. White cockatoos were also present in thousands, and they raised a deafening screech when disturbed. The beach in the bay is about a quarter of a mile long, and at high tide it is three chains wide and smothered with turtle tracks, which provided excellent evidence of the large

YOUNG TURTLES JUST HATCHED, MAKING FOR THE SEA

TURTLES' EGGS COLLECTED BY OUR BOYS

number of turtles that came there at night-time to lay their eggs.

We proceeded then to look for the eggs. The black boys took sticks with which they prodded the sand, and to ascertain whether they were on a find they smelt and examined the end of the stick from time to time to see if they had tapped any yoke.

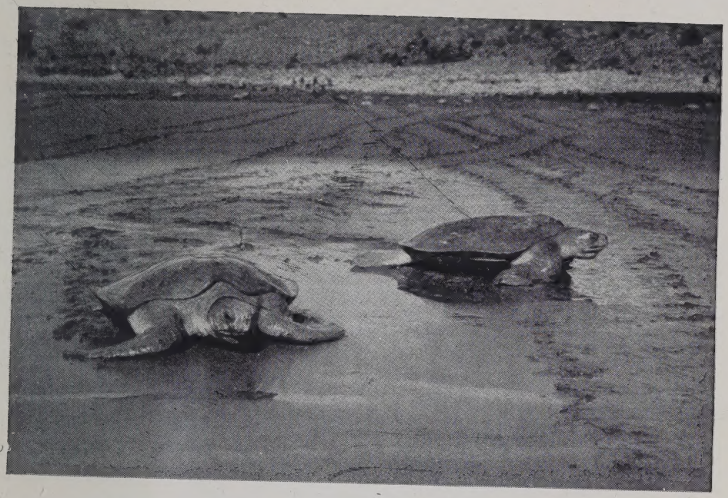
Here thousands of eggs were found, and these were collected as food for the boys on the schooner, and also to take on to the Forrest River Mission.

We also discovered nests where the young turtles had just been hatched and were working their way out of the sand. This we made the subject for the next photograph.

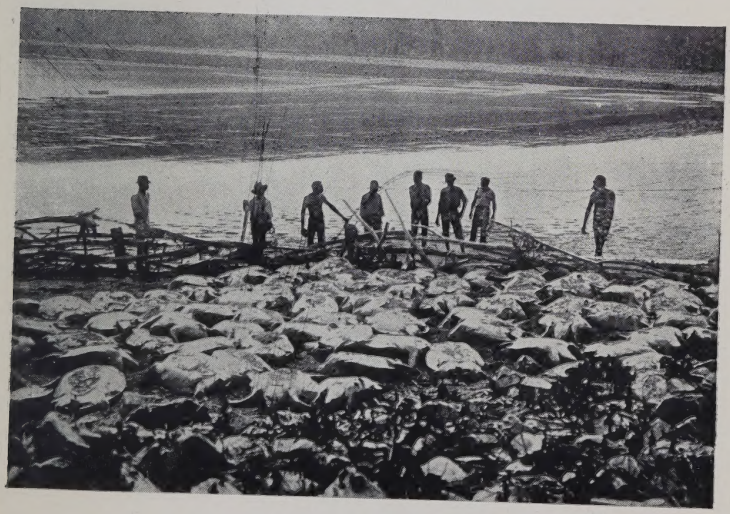
The female turtles make their nest at night-time in the sand, and usually come up from the sea at high tide, and they select a position where they can reach the nest within easy distance of the water. When they reach the dry sand they wriggle down into it and throw the sand out with their flappers. After depositing their eggs, which are apparently laid in great numbers in one night, they cover them with sand with their flappers, and Nature provides the rest with the wind and sun. It is difficult to gauge the number of eggs laid at one sitting owing to the quantity of nests side by side, and eggs about to hatch may be

alongside others that are freshly laid. When the young are hatched by the heat of the sun they wriggle out of the sand and make for the water. Here they are attacked by hundreds of screaming gulls, and it would be safe to say without any exaggeration that not more than 50 per cent. reach the water. Even when they pass the attacks from the gulls they then fall a prey for sharks, which we proved by catching a shark which had from thirty to forty young turtles in its stomach.

When night came I sent the native boys ashore at about midnight to turn turtles as they came up to rest, and instructed them to be perfectly quiet in doing their work. When it was light enough we could see turtles on their backs in all directions, while they were throwing up the sand in showers in their frantic endeavours to right their positions. All hands then went ashore, and at one end of the beach a yard was made with driftwood, after which we dragged these great creatures on their backs through the sand, which involved a great amount of hard work, as they were scattered over the beach for a quarter of a mile, and the task had to be performed in half a day. When completed we estimated that the catch amounted to 12½ tons, as the smallest of them weighed about three hundred pounds. At first it was thought that the yard would hold



TWO LARGE TURTLES



TURTLES TURNED ON THEIR BACKS IN THE NIGHT

them without having to turn them on their backs, but in their desperation they used their strength to such advantage that they clambered over one another, and some managed to climb over the fence, which was three feet high. Having photographed the yarding the tide had then receded some distance, leaving a wide tract of clean beach, and after placing the cinema camera in position we removed a portion of the barrier. The turtles were then righted, and they were filmed as they made for the water across the expanse of sandy beach.

A separate picture of two of the largest was filmed in the enclosure, and then the story told by De Rougemont over twenty years ago was corroborated by filming a black boy riding a large turtle on the beach, and also in deep water. The latter had to be done fairly quickly owing to the boy being scared of sharks, and the water being somewhat muddy increased his anxiety in this connection.

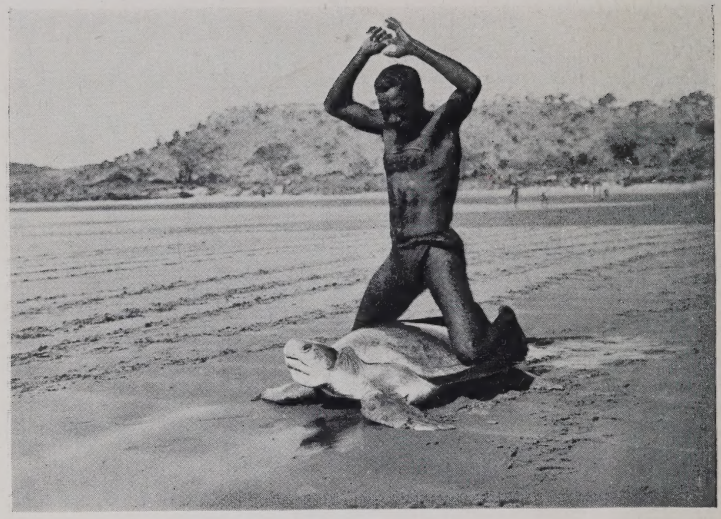
The turtles shown in these pictures are of the Loggerhead variety, and, although seen along the coast for some distance mixed with other turtle, they were all of the one kind in this particular region. All turtle are more or less savage, but the Loggerhead in particular are very cruel one to the other, and when fighting bite out pieces

of flesh the full size of the mouth in a manner that evidences enormous strength in the jaws. When handling them, as one is generally bare-legged, it is advisable to keep clear of their flappers, which are wielded with great force, and these being provided with a spur about half-way up the outside would inflict a nasty wound if it came in contact with human flesh. Although they move very slowly on shore it is surprising how fast they can travel in the water. Often when sailing they can be seen on the top of the water apparently asleep, but as soon as they see or hear a boat they disappear in a flash.

To demonstrate the strength of a turtle's jaws a black boy placed a green stick in a turtle's mouth, and it fastened on to it with such vicious determination that we were able to film the boy dragging the turtle about the beach by the stick.

I was struck by the number of barnacles on the backs of these turtles, some of them being the size of half-crowns. These sea parasites unfortunately greatly disfigure the shell of the Hawk's-bill turtle, which has a very high commercial value. The Loggerheads are edible, but are not so good for canning as the Greenbacks, and the shell is useless. The fat is, however, valuable, and all the females are very fat.

After they had finished work that night the



RIDING A TURTLE ON THE BEACH

A POWERFUL BITE

black boys said they wanted to go ashore and have a good feed of turtle. They were supplied with a quantity of bread, tea and sugar, and set off for their banquet. Their method of preparing this favourite dish is to cut away the belly and cook the remainder in the shell with its own fat. The entrails are removed, and a great number of unlaid eggs without a covering of shell are left to stew in the fat. When ready the natives eat an uncomfortable quantity of this fatty substance.

Before leaving we placed ten large turtles on the schooner for the Forrest River Mission blacks, and when on the boat they took charge to such an extent that we had to tie them up.

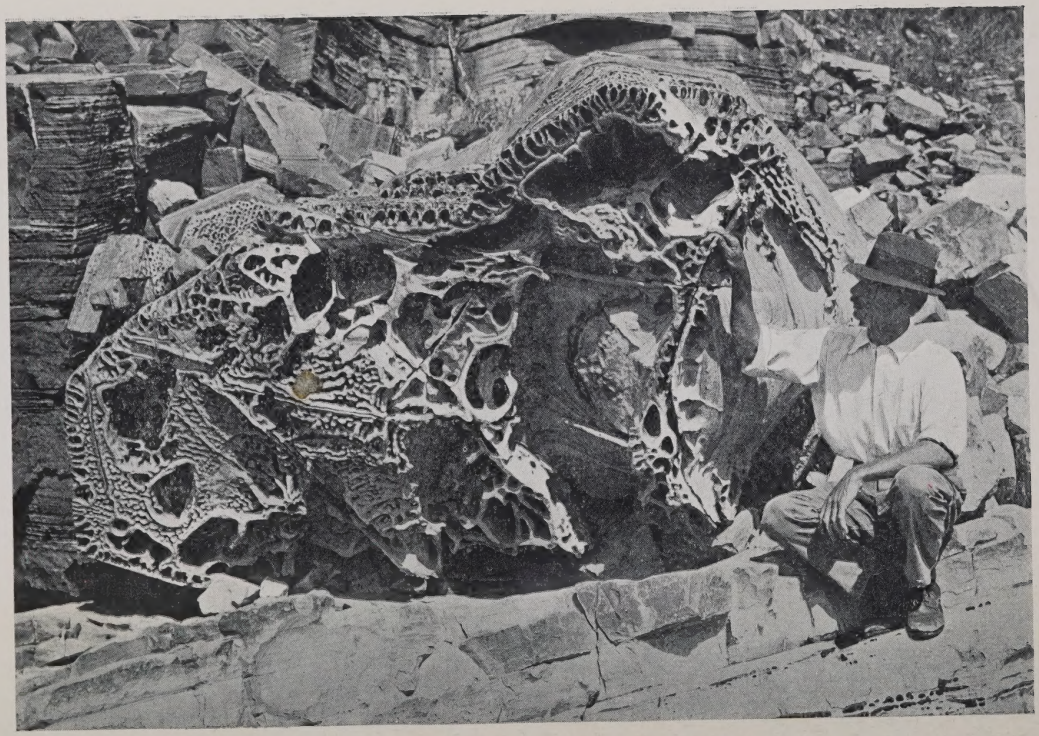
We also filmed some unique rocks at Turtle Island, of which the accompanying photograph gives some idea of their curious water-worn appearance.

The filming camera also depicted another variety of crab we encountered in this quarter, which were slightly different from others seen on the trip, and the picture shows them being driven towards the camera. On the same beach quite near the dry sand we also found small communities of what are commonly called the hermit crab, each of which carries a shell as large as a shilling on its back, but owing to the change of the tide we could not photograph them. These were seen

on many occasions during the voyage, but not in such numbers. They were very lively, and when approached drew themselves into their shells and toppled over.

All the films taken on the islands were developed that night, which entailed a considerable amount of work, and after being fixed were hung on frames to the awnings to dry, being rolled and packed away at daylight.

At 6.50 a.m. we were once more under canvas and making for Wyndham on the ingoing tide. We anchored overnight off Adolphus Island, and with an early start we reached Pander Point at three o'clock the following afternoon. While anchored there the S.S. *Kwinana* went past us at her top speed in order to reach Wyndham before the turn of the tide. It was dead calm at the time, but as a strong breeze came up in our favour we hoisted sail again and made straight for Wyndham across the shallow sandbanks. We were just half an hour too late, as we stranded on Roe Bank, and half an hour after touching bottom we were high and dry, and everybody went over the side and walked about on the waterless sandbank. Six hours later we were afloat again, and as it was a good clear night with a light wind in our favour we made for Wyndham once more; but, just to show how contrary it could be,



A STRANGE WATER-WORN ROCK

when we got within two miles of the township at midnight we were compelled to anchor through the wind dropping again. We made Wyndham in the morning under a good breeze, and the people of the town were surprised to see such a small craft come in to the wharf. I made straight for the Post Office to report to the members of the Syndicate supporting the venture, and to my home people, knowing they would naturally be anxious. I was met by the late Dr. Innes Stephen, the local Resident Magistrate, who promised to do everything he could for us, and he was most solicitous in his inquiries as regards our welfare. He permitted us to use the baths at the hospital, entertained us at dinner, and assisted the party in many ways.

Wyndham is the headquarters of East Kimberley, but unfortunately for us all the cattle are shipped at night from this important centre owing to the intense heat of the day, which debarred us from filming and photographing this interesting work. The Wyndham Meat Works were then only half-way in course of erection, but they have since been completed at a cost of over a million pounds sterling. The town proper covers a frontage to the Gulf about a quarter of a mile long, and consists of one hotel, a store, Post Office, Savings Bank, Court House, and Police

Station, but there is a big volume of trade through Wyndham to the vast outlying cattle stations. Most of the money in circulation there consists of "shin-plasters," which are stamps of varying denominations stuck to pieces of paper. These are issued by the firm of Connor, Doherty and Durack, the principal traders at this centre, and also the owners of several of the largest cattle stations in East Kimberley and the Northern Territory.

We made inquiries in regard to the possibility of filming cattle on the road for shipment, and finding there was a mob coming in to Wyndham we motored out to meet them, and struck their camp six miles out from the town, where we took some pictures.

The drovers were very obliging and, to enable us to get the mob in a good light for filming, they agreed to bring the cattle over the steep hills that dip to the entrance of the yards at the jetty in the early morning. At the bottom of the track over the hills there is a flat piece of country, and on this we erected a screen with boughs, so that the camera should not frighten the cattle, as these beasts, which are born and bred in the vast spaces of the bush, were seeing civilization for the firsttime, and are very nervous when brought in contact with any unusual sight. However,

CAMEL-TEAM DRAWING EIGHT TONS OF FIREWOOD AT WYNDHAM

CATTLE REACHING WYNDHAM FOR SHIPMENT

they made an excellent entrance on the stage of filmland, and a splendid picture was obtained.

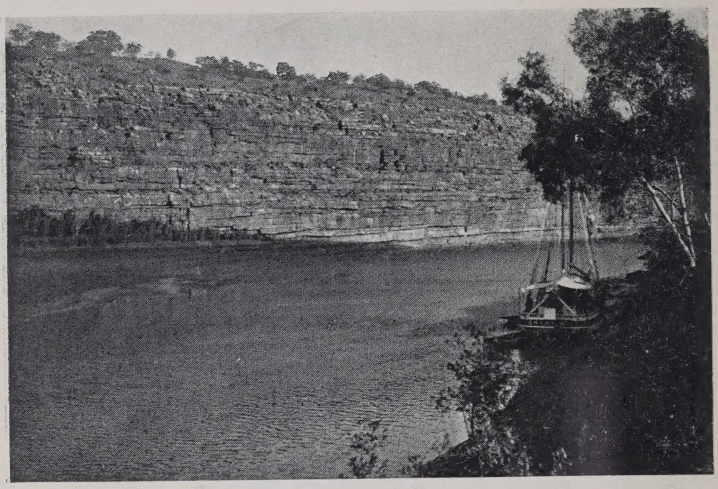
As we were returning to Wyndham we met a team of fourteen camels hauling an 8-ton load of wood, which was also filmed, as this provided an excellent example of one of the methods adopted in employing these useful beasts of burden in the outposts of the Commonwealth.

As the *Kwinana* was about to leave for Fremantle with a cargo of cattle, we packed all the films we had ready and mailed them to Perth, after which we were fortunate in meeting the Rev. Gribble, the Principal of the Forrest River Mission, who arranged to assist us up the Forrest river, and give us a tow if necessary behind his launch. Having heard, however, of some very large flocks of cockatoos at the twelve-mile camp from Wyndham, we decided to go there first. We hired the only available horse and cart and set out with our camera kit, guns, and enough supplies for two or three days. Having duly arrived and pitched our camp, we found that some of the surrounding country was of a swampy character with pools of fresh water, and here we came across mobs of white cockatoos that densely covered acres in extent, and in one instance I am confident I am well within the mark in stating a flock covered the ground for ten acres. We proceeded to film

these birds, and it was only accomplished with great difficulty. Although not very wild they gave us a lot of trouble in focusing the cinema camera on them.

The surrounding country was swarming with bird life, as, in addition to the cockatoos, there were large numbers of native companions: black and white geese, several varieties of wild ducks, white crane, pelicans, wild turkeys, spoonbills, and thousands of galahs, all of which were too wild to photograph. It is a veritable sportsman's paradise, and before we returned to Wyndham we secured a fine bag of ducks, geese and turkeys. During the afternoon a fine string of fifty camels passed us in single file, with an Afghan in front and another in the rear, and they told us they had been loading stores out to some of the back stations, and that at times when on these trips they have to cover 500 miles.

Returning to Wyndham, we left on July 17th with a favourable tide for Forrest river, and anchored at the mouth until 3.30, when, with the advantage of the incoming tide, we got up the river to a point twenty-five miles from Wyndham that evening. It is a fine river with many bends, and when the tide is in it is broad and deep, but on the turn of the tide it empties out to a narrow muddy channel. We had an uncomfortable list



THE "CULWULLA" AT FORREST RIVER MISSION LANDING

WHITE COCKATOOS NEAR WYNDHAM

for two hours that night, but on the succeeding flow of the tide Mr. Gribble took us in tow and brought us right up to the Mission landing. We anchored close up to the bank, and made the schooner fast so as to prevent her heeling over at low water.

The Mission House is half a mile from the river, and is situated on the east side of a range of hills, and on the fringe of some very fine pastoral country. The settlement consists of a number of thatched huts surrounded by a spacious garden, and here they have been very successful in growing cotton, samples of which I brought back with me to Perth. I was also greatly impressed with the growth of the luffa sponge, with which we are so familiar in the bathroom. Plants of this were creeping over everything in wild disorder. The luffa sponge when green looks like a huge cucumber, and the first thing that struck me was that the ripe or dry ones were swinging lightly in the wind. Mr. Gribble picked one of these, and after crushing the shell he shook the seeds out of the centre and produced a fine sponge nearly a foot in length.

Like many other places along the coast, this garden afforded an example of what could be done in the way of cultivating cotton and luffa, and I am satisfied that the natives could be used for

picking cotton, particularly the gins, who are great workers.

I saw a great number of natives at the Mission, and Mr. Gribble informed me that those present were permanent residents, while many others visited the place. Between there and Napier Broome Bay Mission, he stated, there were a great many blacks of a fine type physically, but one had to be cautious not to trust them too far, as they were more or less treacherous. We induced some of those present to show us how they made fire in their native fashion, so that we might film a picture of the operation, and this they did in an excellent manner. One stick, in which there was a slot in the top side, was placed on the ground and held by the feet, and the pointed end of another piece of the same class of wood, about two feet long, was placed in the slot and spun briskly round between the palms of the two hands. When a smouldering condition was produced, the tinder was placed in a handful of dry grass and waved backwards and forwards until the latter burst into flame. On this occasion a flame of fire a foot high was produced in exactly two minutes.

We then filmed a group of about sixty big natives, most of whom were six feet in height, and subsequently induced all those present to

GATHERING LUFFA SPONGE AT FORREST RIVER MISSION

FIRE MAKING

entertain us with a Cobba Cobba, as I was anxious to have a cinema record of the form of dances followed by the East Kimberley natives at their corroborees. The first movement they produced was supposed to be a representation of the crocodile. A number of natives stood in a line one behind the other with their legs apart and uttering weird noises. The man at the extreme rear then crawled between the extended legs, and when he emerged in front, the next man in rear followed in a similar manner. All the time the feet of the men in line were beating time, and the noises uttered were supposed to represent those made by the crocodile. The gins in the meantime were seated around on the ground, and all joined in beating time with their hands.

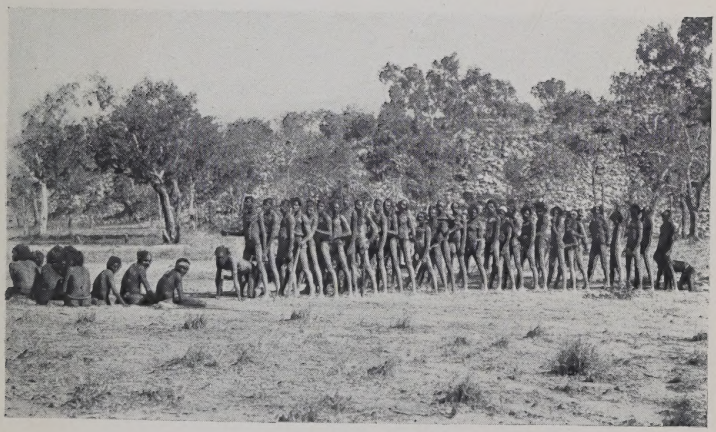
The next movement in the performance was intended to supply a representation of a crow attacking a dead native. One man lay on his back with arms and legs outstretched, and was supposed to be dead. The others then formed a ring around the prostrate man, sitting on their heels with arms outstretched like the wings of a crow, while they maintained a movement of the body similar to that adopted by this scavenging bird when in a state of expectancy, and all the time they croaked his discordant note. A big native then approached the dead man from the circle

of crows in a dancing manner, although still sitting on his heels, while he kept his arms waving and continued to imitate the call of the bird. As he hopped around the figure on the ground he first picked up an arm by a finger, then a leg by a toe, and, evidently satisfied that his prey was dead, he hopped to the head and pretended to attack the eyes, after which they all lifted the body of the fallen warrior and dashed away with it, still sounding the call of the crow. The whole scene was well enacted and reminded me very much of a flock of crows around a dying sheep.

As a large number of natives had just arrived at the Mission from some outlying country from a long hunting expedition, they were photographed for the cinema screen, and subsequently, by promising them a good feed, they treated us to a fine exhibition of spear-throwing with the woomera. A bag target was put up, on which there was a bull's-eye in white about the size of a man's head, and many spears were put through the centre at eighty yards. I noticed also that these natives adopted various styles of dressing their hair, and some of them had evidently gone to some amount of trouble in the matter of its arrangement.

The clothing worn for the purposes of this picture was supplied by our party, but this would be discarded as soon as they left the Anglican

THE CROW DANCE



THE CROCODILE DANCE

Mission. Mr. Gribble has the natives well in hand, and those at the station are particularly well cared for. He appears to command great respect, and goes among the tribes close to the settlement quite unarmed.

That afternoon we went six or eight miles up the Forrest river and photographed some native drawings on the rocks under a huge overhanging precipice facing a tributary to the river.

The cliffs are about 300 feet high, and at the base are several magnificent fresh-water pools, with an abundance of grass. At the bottom of these overhanging rocks the wall for several hundred yards is covered with native drawings.

We took quite a number of photographs of these specimens of native art, and these showed the advantage of the use of the camera in research work of this nature, as many years ago, when the late Sir George Grey was exploring portions of the North-West, he brought back several excellent sketches of similar drawings which must have occupied a considerable amount of his time in executing, whereas ours was merely the work of a few minutes. One extraordinary feature in connection with this photograph is the wild native exposed by the camera standing against the rock. Until the film was developed we had not the faintest idea that he was there. I think he must have

been hiding behind the rocks, and stepped into view just as the camera was operated. The drawings on the rocks chiefly represent the animal and bird life of the country, and the kangaroo and crocodile appear to be the favourite subjects for the contributors to this gallery, but the draughtsmanship is very crude.

While on this excursion we took from the mud of the Forrest river some petrified specimens of an extinct form of crayfish life, which had big claws like a lobster. The largest of these were about eight inches long, and the missionaries told us that they had never seen any of them alive.

After completing all the photographic work that was necessary at the Mission, and having mapped out a programme of work for a certain period of the future, I decided to call a halt for a couple of days' well-earned rest. We weighed, and I found that I had lost 5 lbs., which was quite enough for a lean man to dispense with. This falling off I attributed to carrying a big weight such as a camera kit for long distances over rough country. Our camera man, although sturdily built and young, always seemed to find it difficult to keep pace with the rest of the party, so he was never asked to carry anything heavy, yet he scaled a stone under his usual weight. During that rest the mosquitoes and sand-flies were abominable

A WARRIOR AND HIS GIN

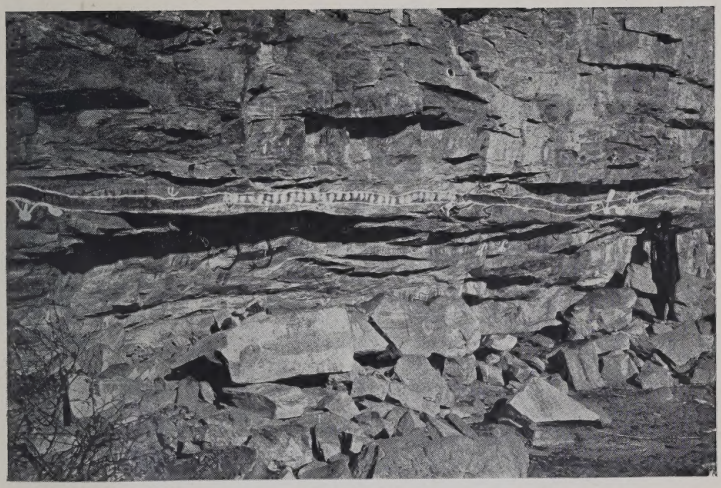
SOME NATIVE HAIRDRESSES

pests, but I suppose we had little occasion to grumble. The voyage so far had been singularly free from these troublesome insects, as, apart from the swamp lands near Wyndham, we really did not experience any hardship in this connection.

On Tuesday, July 24th, we started on the tide, towed by Mr. Gribble's launch, and made for the Patrick river, which is a tributary of the Forrest river, and runs in a northerly direction. The Patrick is a short river about two chains wide at the junction with the Forrest, and about seven miles up it is still thirty yards wide with high muddy banks on both sides, and overgrown with mangrove. It is typical crocodile country, and the river contains many of them. When we were going up we saw two slide off the mud into the water, and when the tide had gone out there were fresh tracks in the mud in all directions. It had been decided to trap crocodiles there for the purpose of filming them, and we had brought with us some specially made heavy wire netting to put across the bed of the creek when the tide was out, but owing to the exceptionally muddy condition of the river bed we found this would be impossible. We found also that if we went any further up the river we would have a difficulty in returning, so, with the aid of the Mission launch, we towed the schooner stern first into one of the many creeks after spending an

hour in chopping down mangroves to prepare the way. We had some good shooting at ducks as they flew over the schooner, but we killed more mosquitoes than ducks. It was easily possible to kill a dozen of the former on the face with one smack of the hand, and eventually we found them so bad that we had to keep them off with the aid of smoke fires.

Here we did a good deal of walking inland, and after proceeding about two miles we came across about forty wild blacks. Our attention was first drawn to them by the fact that they were running at a great pace, and creating quite a cloud of dust. A little farther on we entered a region where there was a swamp of water about an acre in extent and six inches deep, in which there was a heavy growth of water weeds and rushes. There were six gins in the water gouging bulbs from the bottom of the swamp, and it was later found that each of these natives had a carry-all made from bark, and each of these receptacles contained about 4 lbs. of bulbs, which were about the size of an ordinary marble. We gave the gins some biscuits, and in return they handed us some of the bulbs. I was astonished at the excellence of the flavour, as they were crisp and tasted almost exactly like a Brazilian nut. The only covering they had was a thin brown skin, and when this was removed they



NATIVE ROCK DRAWINGS

were perfectly white. Some of these I brought back with me to Perth.

Under a large baob tree a little farther on we encountered four more gins, all of the finest type I had seen on the trip. They were of magnificent physique and perfectly modelled, and all in an absolutely nude condition. It was the first time we were caught without a camera, and I regretted its absence.

On our return journey to the boat we were somewhat startled through a huge native springing suddenly out of some tall grass and running straight towards us, but I was relieved to find that he carried no weapons. He came up in a very excited manner, and the only wearing apparel he had was a head band about four inches wide, made of strings of kangaroo fur, rolled and plastered with white clay, and tied at the back of the head with fastenings made of human hair. All we could get out of him was the oft-repeated word " plower," which meant that he wanted some flour. He was directed to proceed to the boat, which he eventually did, and obtained what he was after. We made him understand, by gesticulation and holding up our fingers spread out, at the same time making a clicking noise with the tongue, that there was plenty. This is the only sign among the wild blacks that all of the tribes seem to use.

On the way back to the boat we came across some very fine white-and-gold owls, but we could not get near enough to secure a specimen. We also saw a number of birds known as the Jabbaroo, which stand about four feet high, are dark blue and white in feather, with white necks and long, heavy, coarse beaks. We could not ascertain whether they were edible.

After further investigation we definitely decided that the Patrick river was not a suitable place for catching crocodile, so we left on the next tide. We set sail and went out in fine style, but still took advantage of a tow. We got to the mouth of the Forrest river at 4 p.m., when the tide was at its highest, and the wind having sprung up we let go the tow rope, and sailed with a fair wind at a great pace, but after making a little headway we crashed into a sandbank. Here we had to remain until 10 p.m., when the tide relieved us, and making Wyndham we anchored 100 yards from the jetty.

At the invitation of Mr. Irvine we went on a visit to the Pool, which is twenty miles from Wyndham, and situated at the top of King river, due south from the township. The Pool is a catchment area for waters from the surrounding ranges, is a mile and a half long, and is said to contain 45,000,000 gallons of water. It abounds with fish and also contains some crocodile. Adjacent

THE "CULWULLA" BACKED IN A CREEK

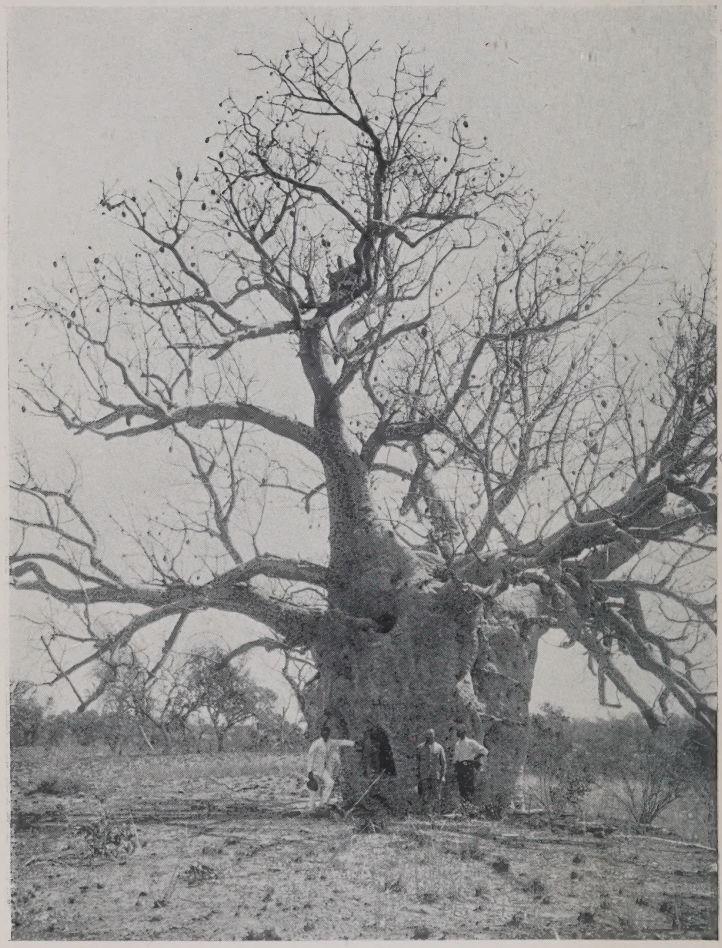
FORREST RIVER WARRIORS

to these waters galvanized iron tanks have been placed on some hills about 400 feet high, and each of these contains about 45,000 gallons. The water is pumped from the Pool to the tanks by an engine, and reaches Wyndham by self-gravitation through 5-inch pipes placed underground. On the side of a hill above the Meat Works, half a mile from Wyndham, a large reinforced concrete tank, 130 feet in diameter, was nearing completion at the time of our visit, and the walls were estimated to contain fifteen miles of reinforcing iron rods in addition to fabric. I was informed that it would have a capacity when finished for holding a million gallons, and was said to be the largest tank of its kind in Australia. While at the Pool I expressed a desire to take a complete set of photographs, and this we did on the following day. We also filmed a unique baob tree, attached to which is quite a history. It is situated about half a mile from the Pool, and is known by the name of the Hillgrove Lockup. It is forty-five feet in circumference at the butt, and like most of its kind it is hollow. On one side there is a hole cut in it large enough for one man to climb through at a time, and the inside forms quite a decent room, while about fifteen feet overhead, between the large spreading branches, there is a hole about a foot in diameter which affords

good ventilation. In the early days it was used by the police to imprison blacks when bringing them to Wyndham for trial.

On the top of the tree can be seen large nuts, similar specimens of which we found at many places on our travels. They are used by the natives for food, as they pound the nuts up, and make the flour into bread. One peculiarity about the tree is that the interior of the hollow growth carries a bark similar to that on the outside.

We left Wyndham at 5 a.m. on the 8th of August, and reached a point east of Adolphus Island, where we anchored for the night. Leaving the following morning early we were well clear of Cambridge Gulf by eleven o'clock, and by night we were thirty miles down the coast, where we fortunately found a place in which we could anchor in twenty fathoms of water. We left again at 2.30 a.m. and made splendid headway until ten the same morning, when the wind became so strong that we had to reef our sails. Fortunately the wind was behind us, as within an hour it was blowing a gale. We had to lower the mainsail, and carried on under a foresail with two reefs, a staysail and jib. By this time we were about twenty-five miles from Cape Londonderry, and running at a great pace, with mountainous seas towering 100 feet behind our stern, and large



THE HILLGROVE LOCK-UP

porpoises could be seen in the waves apparently swimming straight on to the deck. Our midships were awash, and the black boys in the bow were getting a beautiful ducking. The seas were breaking on all sides as a result of the wind blowing across the tide, and the skipper remarked that it was just as well we did not strike this weather on the up trip, otherwise we would not have reached Wyndham without a run. We could not see the mainland through the haze and spume, and as it was imperative that we should round the Cape with at least ten miles of seaboard, owing to the reefs, and there was a possibility of not getting round Londonderry before the change of the tide, Captain Johnson decided to crowd on more canvas and push the boat along at a quicker pace.

During the following hour the little craft was unpleasantly lively, and when we came opposite to Cape Talbot we took soundings and decided to anchor in twenty fathoms of water. Here we remained for the night, which was full of anxiety for us, as it was very hard to sleep with the sound occasioned by the harsh grating of the anchor chain on the coral reefs below. Fortunately for us, as the night progressed the sea grew calmer, and we were able to sleep. In the morning we made for the inside passage between Sir Graham Moore Islands and the mainland, but before we had

LEGISLATIVE LIBRARY ONTARIO

gone far it was blowing a gale again, and the throat halyards of the mainsail carrying away at the boom end we had to reach our anchorage under a stay-sail and foresail. It had been very anxious sailing in such a gale in uncharted waters, and it was with a decided feeling of relief that we ran under the lee of the islands.

The finding of a Dutch cannon some time previously on these islands was of sufficient attraction for me to cause a landing here, as it was reported that more of these ancient armaments were to be found in the neighbourhood.

The principal island of the group is about seven miles long by two wide, while the eastern end of it rises about 300 feet above sea level, and the other end is much lower. At daylight the following morning I landed and crossed the island at the eastern end, and having seen smoke from there the night before I kept a sharp look-out for natives. After climbing the rugged side of the range the black boys drew my attention to smoke rising from the timber about half a mile ahead. On approaching it carefully we found it was a native camp, and the blacks were all stretching themselves and yawning as if just awakened from a heavy sleep in an open patch between the timber. Realizing that on these occasions it is not safe to approach a camp unawares, as it is always likely that some

excitable member of the party will grab a spear and send it after you, I sounded a shrill whistle. About sixty men, a dozen gins and several piccaninnies sprang up and ran like hares, only one man seizing a handful of spears as he went. The men made for the eastern end of the island, and the gins and the children ran into the mangroves. When the men got a quarter of a mile away they pulled up under a tree and watched the proceedings. We examined the ground where they were camped, and its well-worn appearance indicated that it was of a permanent character. There were about twenty stone-headed spears leaning against a tree, some carry-alls, fire-sticks, and a well-shaped white damper, apparently just taken from the fire. The latter was about the size of an ordinary soup plate, and about four inches thick. There were also a number of kylies lying about. Although I had made a big collection of blacks' gear on the trip, on no occasion did I steal anything from them, and although the stuff found was very interesting nothing was touched. On examining the mangroves we found two of the gins crouched on the limbs, but they could not be induced to come out of the trees. After leaving some biscuits and various other little things we thought would please them, we proceeded around the eastern end of the island and back to the

boat. These blacks were all about six feet in height.

The following morning two big blacks could be seen on the beach and, as they appeared very willing to meet us, we went ashore and gave them some boiled rice. We also amused them greatly by striking matches. In the meantime about fifteen more had come into sight, and after a considerable amount of persuasion they came down and joined the others, but they were very nervous.

Two or three photographs were taken of the men, and after they had had a good feed they went away and brought a lot of their gins down to the beach, who were also treated to a feed of boiled rice.

We took about 240 feet of films here of the wild blacks, which we developed that night, and on the following day we set out in search for the guns. We walked the full length of the eastern side of the island four abreast with intervals of two chains apart, and rounded many inlets. Half-way down the island we found evidence of camps formed by visiting residents of Kopang Island, where they had established drying stations for fish, which were made of saplings lashed together with flax fibre. Evidence was also supplied that the island was a good field for hunting the hawk's-bill turtle, and our boys caught several in the neighbourhood. We also

SIR GRAHAM ISLAND NATIVES

WILD NATIVE WOMEN EATING BOILED RICE OUT OF JAM TINS

secured a quantity of shell on the shore where the blacks had been eating the turtle, but some of it was rather badly singed.

We scoured the whole of the coast from the east to the west end while searching for the cannon, and came to the conclusion that if there were any of these old guns left they would be on the north-east corner, which was the only likely place we did not examine. On the south side of the island we found some very nice coral and specimens of sea-shells, so that our search was not altogether unproductive; and in the rocks facing the sea were a number of natives' graves, of which only three skeletons remained on the shelves under the overhanging cliffs. About a mile from the west end of the island we came across a creek running north-west inland, and judging from the amount of cockle-shell on its bank it must be a great feeding-place for the natives. We entered the creek, and on digging into the mud and sand we found it was possible to recover twenty within a radius of two feet, and within a foot of the surface of the water. The majority of these were larger than a man's closed fist. The natives eat them raw, but we boiled some and found them excellent. At this end of the island there is an immense amount of reef, which precludes a schooner from coming close in shore.

From there we went due south, and anchored behind Mary Island, and from there, after examining the island, which was of little interest, except for the bountiful supply of oysters to be found all along its shores, we landed on the mainland, and found the natives had, as usual, a natural barrier of defence. By this I mean wild rocky hills with undergrowth and high grass forming a background to some inviting stretch of sandy beach which would most likely form the landing-ground of any visiting party. Where we landed on this occasion was on a portion of an unnamed peninsula, which forms a natural breakwater for Napier Broome Bay. I endeavoured to cross the point, but was met with difficulties in the way of mountainous rocks, which made the way practically inaccessible, and in view of these particular obstructional features, and the time that would be required to undertake the journey, I decided that it was not worth while, as from our point of view we had nothing to gain.

On one occasion when trying to push our way through a dense patch of timber and undergrowth, one of the boys ran his head into a nest of large green ants suspended from one of the trees, which made him retreat very quickly. This was not the first time that we met with this same class of obstruction, and as they are a somewhat formidable

foe it is well not to interfere with their colonizing efforts. They are very large ants, about half an inch in length, light green in colour, and their bite is of a very irritating nature.

We returned to the boat, and having enough wind and the tide in our favour we traversed several narrow passages, and entered Vansittart Bay. We anchored in the evening four miles south of Eclipse Island, and early on the following morning made for Red Island, which we reached in good time, and anchored on the south side. The following morning we entered two very fine inlets on the mainland in the whale-boat, while the crew were engaged in the meantime taking in a supply of fresh water. White-fish were here in enormous shoals, and the boys soon got us a bountiful supply of these, together with a lot of oysters. The white-fish is as good as any in the sea for canning and salting, and apart from being in great numbers they are of a good weight. We did a lot of fossicking in the whale-boat, and entered one inlet which was half a mile wide and one and a half long. Here we saw some dugong, and some huge alligators. The boys caught a dugong, which we dressed and used for food. It was one of the largest seen on the trip, and must have weighed 5 cwt. It towed the whale-boat the greater part of a mile after being harpooned.

Cockle-beds were also plentiful here at the foot of the mangroves.

We then made for Perry Harbour in the schooner, and rounded Cape Bougainville in very ugly water, with a strong cross tide running, and at 9 p.m. anchored just outside the harbour. We made a coastal survey of Perry Harbour for a considerable distance, and were struck by the number of native footprints on the sandy beaches, but the blacks kept well out of the way. About half-way down the peninsula, which forms a portion of the harbour, we crossed the latter until we could see the water in Vansittart Bay, and on going farther down the peninsula we were brought up short by a mountainous range on the mainland which was impossible to negotiate on foot. Here, as on many other occasions, I was afraid of being burnt out by the wild blacks, as there was grass twelve feet high, and of a very dry nature, growing between the rocks. In most places the natives keep this rank growth burnt off along the coast to make the country more accessible, but here the travelling was very dangerous, as fire would extend as fast as a man could run. If caught by a fire the only chance of escape would be by counter burning, but then the smoke would be almost insufferable.

Leaving this anchorage we proceeded to Gibson

SIR GRAHAM ISLAND WILD NATIVES

Point, where we hove to and waited for the tide, and at 2 p.m. we set sail and managed to reach Low Rock in Admiralty Gulf, where we anchored for the night. This was one of the most uncomfortable periods experienced on the voyage, as we were kept awake by the familiar sounds of the anchor chains dragging and grating on the coral rocks below. The currents were running fast from various directions through the reef, and the schooner was snatching first one way and then another at the bridle like a restless horse. The schooner also had a big list, and we had to sit with our knees up against the side of our bunks to prevent being thrown out.

Low Rock is at the south end of about fifty miles of jumbled reef and, owing to the cross tides meeting the rock in Admiralty Gulf, the water is like a seething cauldron.

At 5 p.m. we left for Cape Voltaire, and anchored close to the beach. On approaching we saw twenty natives on shore, but they ran like hares. Here we replenished our oyster supply, and as our time was drawing short we wished to push forward. While waiting for the tide we spent six hours on a brief expedition inland, which was of little or no interest, so we returned to the boat, and twenty minutes' fishing sufficed to re-stock our larder. We sailed early in the morning,

entered Montague Sound, and anchored at the north end of Kater's Island. Then, in the whale-boat, we went down on the west side, and entered an inlet which appeared to be two or three times the size of that marked on the chart. Here we secured some hawk's-bill turtle, and picked up many scales from the shells of others which had been roasted on the beach by the blacks.

On returning to the schooner we struck out for Scott Straits, and made a wonderful run through to York Sound, anchoring at a point near Torrens Island. We entered Prince Frederick Harbour in the whale-boat, and viewed the mountainous sides of the various islands, and during this cruise fires could be seen on the north-east side in many directions.

We then sailed on the inside of Coronation Island, making our way to the Fort George Mission, and on entering the Strait between Augustus Island and the mainland we saw a great number of sea-snakes up to about eight feet long, most of which were of a yellow colour. We anchored at the Fort George landing, and again met with a hospitable reception, and received a plentiful supply of fresh green vegetables. We then proceeded to the south end of Augustus Island, and took in a supply of water from an excellent stream. Here we attended to our

laundry, and after having a general clean-up we left for Hall's Point, and anchored subsequently in a very pretty corner where there were many small inlets which were teeming with fish. Several miles of fossicking were done along the beach in a southerly direction, and in the evening we had some excellent sport catching white-fish, schnapper, and Spanish fish, while the boys also speared a number of large mullet. Oysters were also obtainable here in abundance.

Our next place of call was the Montgomery Islands, which we reached in admirable weather. The natives there soon discovered our approach, and they had turtle and shells of all descriptions to give to us. They also presented us with some pearl-shell, and in their usual excited manner indicated by signs that there was plenty more of the same thing. One native, "Frenchy" by name, took me to a spot, and on diving over came up with a shell in his hand. After spending a couple of days there fossicking on the reef over a considerable area, a sting-ray was seen, which was by far the largest observed on the trip. He was in about two feet of water in a hollow on the reef, but, although I had a desire to have a go at him, I was afraid that some accident might result.

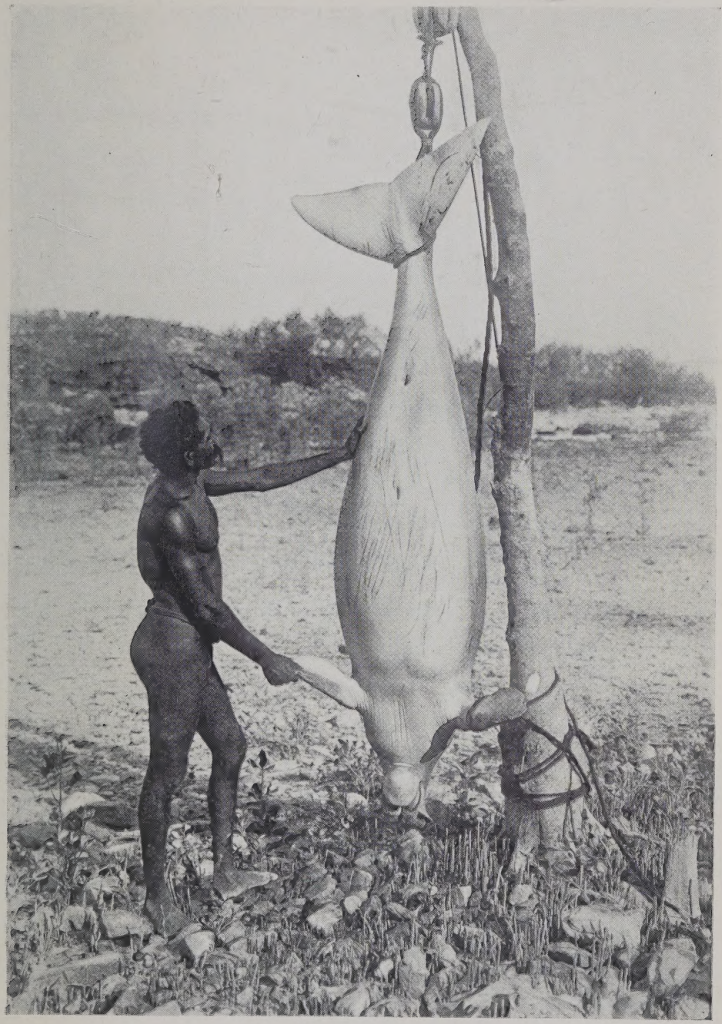
Much amusement was occasioned the natives

here by shooting shags and cranes on the wing, and it also provided an impressive lesson to them in regard to the effectiveness of the gun as a weapon.

While here a strange incident occurred which showed how certain conditions of atmosphere and imagination can deceive one. We saw in the sea at a distance what looked like a man standing in a boat and waving his arms. We promptly went out to the rescue, but found it was only the limb of a tree, with a branch rocking in the tide. Even the keen-sighted natives were deceived.

Before leaving the islands we caught a considerable number of dugong, which were boiled down for oil, and we rewarded the natives for their assistance with a 50-lb. bag of flour and a good supply of tobacco.

We then struck out across Collier Bay, and anchored under an island about ten miles west of the Funnel. From there we were two whole days, owing to the absence of wind, endeavouring to make the place we had previously named Dugong Bay. On two occasions, when just approaching two unnamed islands on the west side of Collier Bay, the terrific tide stopped us dead in the channel, and on the evening of the second day, there being a favourable fresh breeze, the skipper



A DUGONG

suggested going outside the island, where the waters are quite uncharted. Somewhere near four o'clock in the afternoon we let the schooner come about and sailed peacefully along under the lee of the island, but an hour later we ran into a dead calm, and, as we were making little or no headway, we anchored. I promptly went ashore with a couple of black boys to get some fish, on the understanding that if the wind came up we were to return immediately. We procured some oysters, and in half an hour had a good supply of fish, all of which were speared in about three feet of water. Amongst these was a class of fish I had seen on two or three occasions during the voyage, which were much like a bream in shape, brown in colour, and excellent eating. These were procured by the boys thrusting their spears under the cavities beneath flat rocks. A curious feature in connection with these fish is that they have, on each side of the tail, about an inch from the fin, two fangs very like the claws of a cat, but larger, which appear at will from sockets; and when on the offensive they wag their tails frantically.

When the wind sprang up we returned to the schooner and proceeded around the western side of the outer of the islands, and at 8 p.m., when we were well clear of the latter island, the skipper

decided to stand closer up to the wind. The bos'un was heaving the lead and reporting fifteen to twenty fathoms, but when he gave four fathoms Captain Johnson ordered "Ready about" just as the bo'sun with an illuminating expression cried "Seven feet." Then without any further warning we crashed on what appeared to us to be rocks. Immediately orders were issued to lower the sails, and all the old canvas and bagging we could rake together was pushed under the bilge. That is the only occasion during the voyage on which the skipper showed the slightest anxiety. Two hours later we were lying high and dry on a reef, which in a northerly direction represented the area of a decent-sized sheep station. The gramophone was going at the time of the impact, and this was sent flying, and all was confusion owing to the displacement of everything that was not made fast. I never saw the tide leave us so quickly, and with low water there were pinnacles of rock projecting upwards for several feet on the starboard side. Fortunately for us it was a glorious night, and we experienced no difficulty in making arrangements for anchors to be placed out to keep the schooner in a permanent position when the tide came in again. When we were fairly settled down the boys went over the side, and a

THREE DUGONG

few minutes later their laughter could have been heard half a mile away. They had secured a ground shark by the tail, and in his efforts to free himself he was giving them a lovely ducking.

Finding it impossible to rest comfortably on the schooner, we decided to put our wading boots on and get out on the reef. We went over the side and waded through the two feet of water remaining on the huge coral reefs. This is fascinating work in the day-time, but a somewhat uncanny experience at night. In fact in going over the side I sat on the edge of the schooner, which was then two feet six inches out of water, and felt for the top of the reef with my foot. Then as I stood up to move forward I felt something apparently closing under my right foot, and bubbles were bursting on the surface. Putting my hand down, to my agreeable surprise I found that my foot was resting on a huge pearl-shell, which, on being opened some two days afterwards, was found to contain a very decent pearl, for which I have since been offered £25; but, in a mounted state, it is now in the possession of my wife. It was just one of those agreeable surprises one encounters in these fascinating waters. Some two hundredweight of pearl-shell was brought back from the trip, all of which was of excellent quality, but this

was the only occasion on which a pearl was discovered.

Our excitement did not end there, as during the early hours of the morning the tide appeared to be coming back like a miniature tidal wave, and when it reached the boat it caused a considerable amount of bumping which almost made one's teeth rattle. No words of mine can describe the sensation and experiences generally of this unpleasant incident. When we got sufficient water beneath us the skipper manipulated the schooner until he got five fathoms, when on the next tide we struck out in the direction in which we had come, and successfully negotiating the passage we anchored in Dugong Bay.

After a day here, principally occupied in catching sharks, we sailed around Kolan Island, and anchored under Cockatoo Island. In making this trip we had an unpleasant experience, as when outside the north-west of Kolan Island we had great difficulty in preventing the strong tide from carrying us inshore, and it was with feelings of relief that we ran into Yampi Sound. While here we located further copper deposits, one seam of which is shown in the accompanying photograph.

Before leaving Yampi Sound we visited a number of islands in a north-westerly direction,

and then sailed down the coast for about ten miles before we anchored under the lee of a small island which is unnamed on the chart. We went in on a high tide with a view to finding a place at a low tide which would give us an opportunity of scraping the bottom of the schooner. On several occasions we had found it necessary to perform this operation, as the accumulation of filth interfered appreciably with the progress of the schooner. When the tide was out I was astonished at the number of oysters surrounding the Bay, as they were simply in tons.

During the process of scraping the bottom of the boat much of the coast was examined, and we found some exceptionally fine harbours with deep water, and in one place there were about twenty extraordinary quartz reefs running vertically into the rugged ranges. These reefs were about thirty feet wide at the water's edge, and decreased to about two feet at the top of the ranges. This white quartz was spotted with a black flaky mineral, which we thought was wolfram, and we had some justification for hazarding this opinion, as a number of experienced men who saw the specimens before they were tested agreed with us, but on analysis it proved to be iron.

From here we proceeded to Whirlpool Pass, and were fortunate in being able to negotiate it during the one tide. The trip through, however, was not devoid of excitement, as on two occasions the schooner turned completely round when caught by the tremendous whirlpools. After we had negotiated the greater part of the pass we succeeded in bringing the boat round on the right course for making the final tack, when we felt the keel touch some object, and for about a chain she grazed along on what appeared to be coral. We experienced some uncomfortable jerks, and were all relieved to find that she had cleared herself. From Steep Head we wended our way down through the islands, entered King's Sound, and ran down the Gulf with a nice fresh breeze. When the tide changed we anchored for the night in twenty fathoms of water, and the next evening we reached Derby, where I found that I was a day out in my date reckoning.

The township is situated a mile and a half from the jetty, and I immediately went there to report to Perth, and as we had been out of meat of any kind for ten days I took on board enough to last us until we reached Broome. Derby is the seaport for West Kimberley, which is a great cattle and sheep producing district of Western

A RICH COPPER LODE (BETWEEN THE GUN AND THE PICK)

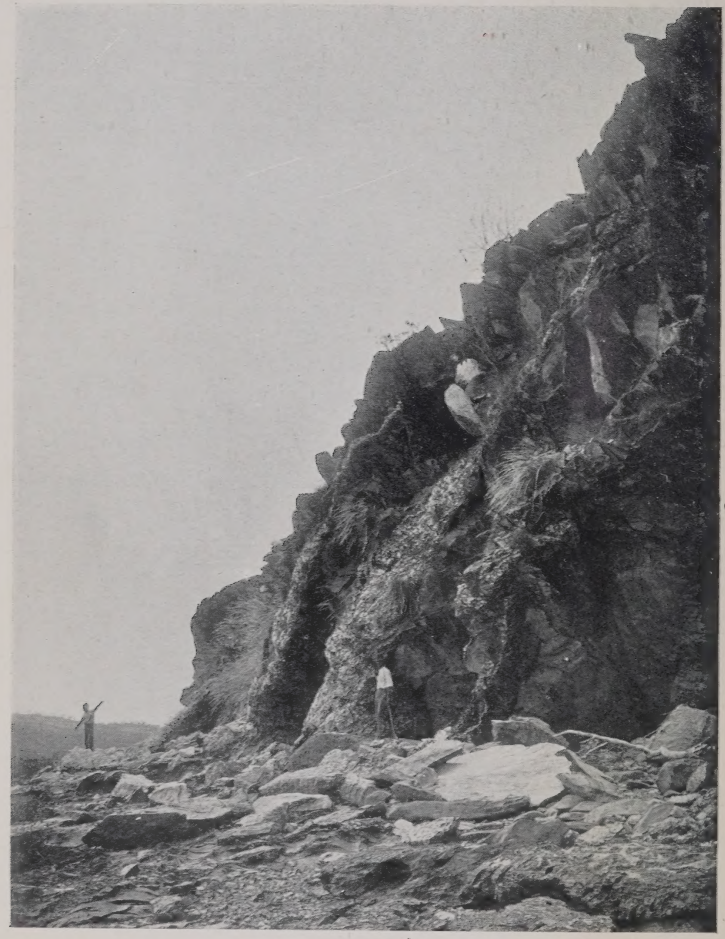
Australia, and contributes greatly to the wealth of the State.

From Derby we went back to Sunday Island and landed the four black boys kindly lent by Mr. Hadley, and he was delighted with their condition, which gave evidence, he said, of general good treatment and plenty of food. It was with great regret that I had to part with my boy Mackie, who proved of great assistance, and was most loyal throughout the trip. He was about the quietest black I have ever seen, and just about as safe a companion as anyone could take into wild country. We decked the four boys out with any clothing we had left in the schooner's stores, and gave them flour, pipes and tobacco, together with the harpoons they had used so skilfully. Mr. Hadley treated us well in his usual courteous manner, and dined with us on the *Culwalla* on the eve of our departure.

We then crossed the Sound, and experienced some exceptionally rough weather in doing so. We rounded the Cape Leveque Light on our way to Chilli Creek in half a gale, and at the latter place, owing to the bad weather, we decided to go back about five miles to Lombadena Pool, where we renewed our water supplies. We then went to Pender Bay, where we found several

luggers sheltering, as the sea was too rough to go on with the pearling. We, too, had to spend a day there, and most of the time was occupied in shooting kangaroos, which were very plentiful.

Next day we struck out for the Lacapede Islands, and anchored on the east side. We went ashore and landed with some difficulty owing to the heavy swell which followed the recent blow. We walked right round the principal island, which is low and flat, and found thousands of sea-birds of all descriptions in addition to immense flocks of long-billed snipe. Greenback turtles were here also in great numbers, and for half a mile on one portion of the beach the sand is a continuous nesting-ground, with eggs in profusion. A considerable proportion of the latter, however, never reach the hatching stage, the production of young being kept down to a great extent by the pearlers, the Japanese in particular being very fond of them as food. The Lacapedes also provide a nesting-ground for the myriads of sea-birds that colonize there, and in places there are acres of nests. The islands offer in addition a great field for the collection of cowrie-shells, and from here to Cape Leveque, as previously mentioned, is the most prolific along the coast in this connection. We experienced further trouble in getting away



A QUARTZ LODE

from the island in the whale-boat, and were drenched to the skin by sea-water in doing so.

We then made for Barred Creek in the hope of finding Clark and Co.'s pearling fleet there, and as the weather had moderated to a great extent we put out a line over the stern and had some excellent fishing as we sailed along our course. It was here that we caught the sail-fish which is illustrated.

The specimen shown in the photograph was 7 feet 9 inches long, and was caught on the trailing line with a piece of white rag attached to the hook. The fin on the back was 3 feet long and 2 feet wide, and stands up exactly like the mainsail of a schooner. It was a beautiful bright blue in colour with brown spots about the size of a shilling. Underneath the belly there were two fins 15 inches long, while it had a beak like a huge gar-fish, a very fine swallow tail, and two powerful side fins about 10 inches long. The fin on its back had two stripes on each side, with a number of silver spots, and when this extraordinary provision of Nature was furled it fitted completely into a socket. D'Antoine, the Frenchman, had previously told me about these peculiar fish, and stated that, although he had never caught one, he had seen them in a dead calm travelling along

on the surface of the water with the sail set, and that immediately they were approached they closed it down with a snap. I considered the specimen so interesting that, in addition to photographing it, a cinema film was also obtained.

On the journey to Barred Creek we also hauled aboard a considerable number of guernot and king-fish, in fact we caught more than we knew what to do with.

The unconcern of the skipper in regard to the fishing operations may be gauged from this photograph, as he is reclining half asleep in the stern.

Finding on reaching Barred Creek that the pearling fleet was not there, and being informed by some men in another lugger that they were south of Broome, we reefed down our sails to meet the demands of increasingly heavy weather and worked our way down the coast, struck out across Roebuck Bay, and reached a point forty miles south of the town which forms the base of the pearling industry. We were again unsuccessful, however, in locating the fleet, so we made back to Broome with the object of interviewing Mr. McKenzie, the head of the firm of Clark and Co. He told us that the fleet was then on the way to Barred Creek, so that we must have missed

them on the way south, and he gave us a letter of introduction to his head man, Mr. Naylor.

As our objective was to secure a set of films of the pearling industry, we could not have arrived at Barred Creek at a more opportune time, as the luggers were accumulating at the mouth of the creek, and the accompanying photograph shows the schooner *Ruby*, Mr. Naylor's flagship of the fleet. We anchored close alongside and arranged with him for a series of pictures. We subsequently proceeded to Barred Creek on the early tide in the whale-boat and secured a cinema record of the fleet coming in.

Further films were then obtained of the boats lying up in Barred Creek, and the opening of the two days' catch. In the latter picture we were fortunate in being able to include the interesting incident of actually finding a pearl. Other moving pictures were taken of the work of sorting the shell for market, placing it in crates according to grade, and of dried oysters (from which the pearlers make soup) hanging in the rigging. The latter is also a marketable commodity. We then filmed a diver getting into his kit, and were surprised at the extraordinary amount of clothing he puts on before getting into his suit. He first put on a flannel shirt, over which he wrapped

about three yards of wide flannel around his waist; a heavy pair of woollen pants followed, then heavy woollen stockings. Over the top of this clothing, on his lower extremities, went another pair of long heavy stockings, and then he donned a large canvas suit which covered him from neck to feet. Attached to the suit at the neck is a heavy brass or copper collar, which is loaded with 28 lbs. of lead, and to this formidable article of mercery the metal headpiece is fastened. The boots are large and heavily leaded; an air tube of rubber and a life-line are also attached to the headpiece, and the latter is held by the tender, as it is on this line that the diver signals from below by a code of sharp pulls. The Japanese diver in question weighed 101 lbs., and when fully dressed he was carrying 152 lbs., which was comprised as follows: helmet 22 lbs., corselet and bands 27 lbs., lead 61 lbs., boots 32 lbs., and underclothing 10 lbs.

The evening was spent in shooting flying foxes, and it was delightful to walk about in the vicinity of the creek when the tide was out. The camping-ground is surrounded with mangroves, and it forms a very pretty sheltering place for the pearling fleets.

Having finished our work at Barred Creek, we

CATCHING FISH FOR PASTIME

A SAIL FISH

left for Broome, and arrived on October the 5th. Then followed the arduous task of packing up, which, after months engaged in the collection of specimens and curios, entailed a considerable amount of work. This ended, I paid off the crew, and delivered the schooner to the owners. Then, to make our pearling films complete, we took a motion picture of an expert cleaning pearls for the market, and, owing to the courtesy of Mr. McKenzie, we also filmed a beautiful collection of these delightful gems and "barrack," which is the trade name for ill-shaped specimens. One parcel in this fascinating collection was estimated to be worth £10,000; this contained one pearl about the size of a small pigeon egg, was oblong in shape, and at one end there was a cavity which looked as if it had been purposely drilled for mounting. Mr. McKenzie valued the pearl at £5000, but I have since heard that it has changed hands at a price far exceeding that estimate.

This terminated a voyage so full of interesting incidents, enjoyable adventure, and hazardous enterprises, that my only regret is that I lack the graphic descriptive powers to convey to my readers a more impressive idea of this great land of opportunities. I have made but a passing reference to the many difficulties and dangers we

experienced during our travels, the hundreds of extraordinary harbours we entered, the magnificent grandeur of the country, the indescribable interest attaching to our many inland excursions; but where I have failed in word painting, I think I may safely claim that the camera has supplied a portion of the deficiency.

PEARLING FLEET APPROACHING BARRED CREEK

ATTENTION ! !

"EYES OFF"

EVERYTHING points to the fact that the psychological moment has arrived which must determine the fate of North-Western Australia !

If Mr. Stuart's mission be successful, then the dawn of a new era will brighten the horizon for Western Australia.

Many countries are groaning under the burden of over-population; Australia is suffering from a dearth of people, and of capital wherewith to develop the wonderful natural resources existing in places once stigmatized as interminable wastes of burning sand-dunes, of vunyips, of spinifex, and of a climate not to be endured by the white man.

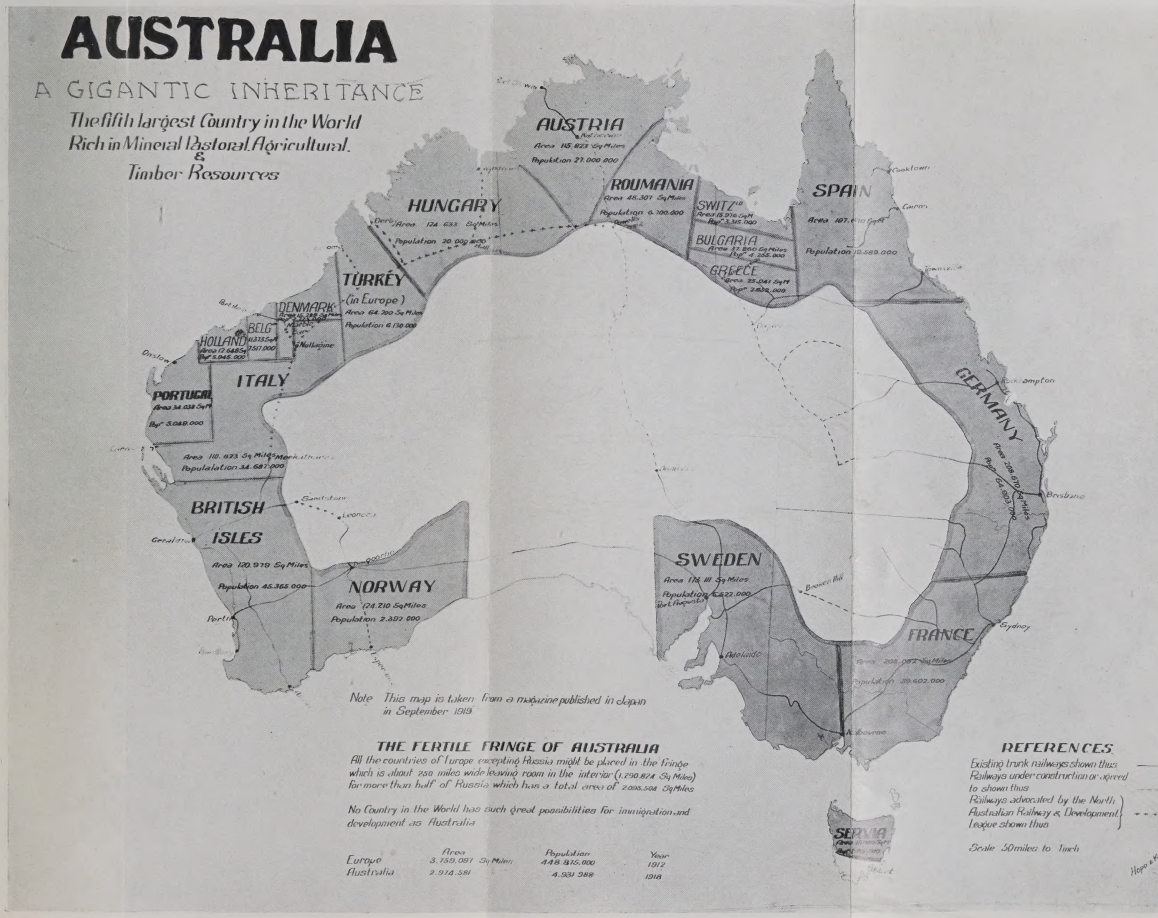
Mr. Stuart has changed the point of view—he has demonstrated beyond question, by camera and by "specie," that the North-West is a land of untold wealth, of boundless possibilities, needing only the "sinews of war"—money and people—to win its treasures, and ensure prosperity for the present owners of the great Australian continent.

For it is foolish to emulate the ostrich, to stick our heads into the sand, and feel we are safe; knowing, as we do, that there are myriads of peoples waiting to swarm over the rich areas of unpopulated Australia.

The great national problem awaits the solution, of how to guard against the dangers attending an unpeopled land, especially when that land is "flowing with milk and honey," and when the eyes of many nations are turned towards this modern "Land of Canaan." Mr. Stuart has, like his (almost) namesake, Sturt, done wonderful things by land and water. Sturt rowed in a small boat some 1700 miles down the Murrumbidgee and up the Darling, to the inestimable value of present-day Australians and for future generations, let us hope.

Mr. Stuart had many, almost miraculous, escapes in his boat, as the accompanying story tells; and if Australians are to reap the fruits of his labours now is the time to continue what he has begun.

Western Australia is seeking a way out of her many overwhelming difficulties, consequent on past quixotism; and the development of her northern lands seems to point the direction in which she should move. Mr. Stuart is possessed of the pioneering spirit, the faith which carried



MAP SHOWING THE RELATIVE SIZE OF AUSTRALIA AND EUROPEAN COUNTRIES

him and his party through endless and unheard-of dangers, and has been rewarded by results which are being displayed most emphatically, and which demonstrate the potentialities of that mysterious portion of the "Never Never" country, known as the North-West; and if the white man shuts the door in the face of this opportunity be sure the brown man will open it.

We know that the white inhabitants of the North-West number less than 7000—then picture the over-populated areas of nations which are nearest to our shores! There is China, with its 390,000,000 of people crowded into 4,287,000 square miles of territory, and something like 2300 miles *near* to Derby!

Then Java, with 28,398,000 people to 48,960 square miles, and only 900 miles distant from Derby; Japan with 75,420,000 people to 335,886 square miles; India 315,156,000 to 1,500,000 square miles; all seeking relief from over-population; which may be readily understood when the fact is impresssed on one that, while Australia cannot boast of two people to the square mile, Japan, for example, groans under the burden of 376 to the square mile, its population being increased by 750,000 annually.

China, Japan, and India are the largest, but

other countries also have their eyes turned on the North-West of Australia. There is Borneo just 1100 miles from Derby; and Sumatra another 60; while Celebes is much nearer than either. Then the Philippines, Malaga, Korea, Manchuria, and Siberia are all alert to the fact that what is the white man's opportunity may perhaps be turned to the dark man's Paradise unless the former not only cries "Eyes off," but is in the position to order "Hands off," at the right moment.

"The Day" is here when the Australian must determine to keep his birthright or to see it pass into the hands of his black brother Esau.

"Climate" to a Briton is no obstacle; and the Australians, who did the "impossible" at Amiens, must rise to the occasion when the call is made to develop the wonderful resources in his own native land.

Mr. Stuart has blazed the trail, it is "up to" the rest of us to follow it, to beat the track with white man's tread, and turn to a market value the lands of Esau's brethren, who would gladly purchase the animal, vegetable and mineral products of the white man's land.

SEER.

SECTION OF OFFICIAL MAP OF THE NORTHERN TERRITORY OF AUSTRALIA, SHOWING THE COAST EXPLORED BY THE STUART-COCHRAM EXPEDITION.

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